

# THE LADIES' REPOSITORY.

JUNE, 1861.

## OUR GREAT COMMENTATOR.\*

BY J. F. HURST.

WE sit down to write a slight memorial of a familiar name, under the firm conviction that Adam Clarke was a *great* man. Till very recently, his extraordinary gifts were universally conceded; but in these days of merciless criticism, he has had to suffer his share of the general castigation. We have lately come across the good thought that true genius is to be measured according to the place that it fills in the times. If this be true, what a mighty mind was in that Irish boy who lived to wield the expositor's pen for a powerful and numerous denomination! Methodism without Adam Clarke—the conjecture is actually too absurd to mention! John Wesley was the organizer of the infant Church; Charles put her masses to singing; but it was Clarke who did most toward opening to them the Word of God. After he had spent many years in the labors of an itinerant, he zealously set about the prosecution of his long-cherished project of giving the people a thorough and practical acquaintance with the entire volume of inspiration. Whether or not he accomplished his purpose, it is happily not left for one or two to determine; but the witnesses can be numbered by the ten thousand who are ready to respond with a hearty affirmative. And if departed spirits could add their testimony, what proof would we have that *Adam Clarke filled a great place in his times!*

As to the biography by Dr. Etheridge, it is worthy of unqualified approbation. Indeed, if the work had been reissued by any firm of publishers interested solely in literary publications,

we believe it would long ago have attracted the favorable notice of a large portion of the secular press. The style and mode of treatment, together with so many of those nameless and numberless good things that make up a rich life-portrait, are here found in rare combination. Not contented with giving bare facts, he clothes them with a chasteness, and often romance of style, that are not the result of momentary enthusiasm; but, maintained throughout, are the evident effect of logical thought, lively fancy, and careful research. Himself a man of learning, he brings all his resources to bear upon his task, and enriches his chapters with thoughts and illustrations that betray the fondness of his mind for whatever is beautiful in nature, literature, or character. He does not seem to sit down with the resolution, "Now I will make a great man of Adam Clarke at all hazards; I will dress him up the best I can; I have always admired him, therefore I will exaggerate him." On the contrary, he appears to say, "I will represent him as history shows him to me; I will not make him great in every respect; I will state what I know of him as clearly as I can; and instead of judging him for others, I will leave my readers to judge for themselves." Consequently, we are spared from meeting, at every step, the author's conclusions on certain actions, and from being lifted to the skies at the end of every section by laudatory explosions. Taking the work as a whole, it is the most worthy return that the Wesleyans of England have made their brethren on this side the Atlantic for our late *History of Methodism*, by Dr. Stevens.

It shall not be our aim to say much of the prominent events in the life of Adam Clarke, but to draw from the work before us some of those minor matters that, after all, reflect so much of true character. The little side-lights often show the most, and this is particularly the case in the career of the great commentator. He was born

\* *Life of the Rev. Adam Clarke, LL. D., etc.* By J. W. Etheridge, M. A. Republished from the London edition, by Carlton & Porter, New York.

at Moybeg, Ireland, in 1760 or 1762—his mother, like Martin Luther's, never being able to tell the exact year. The early part of his life was thronged with almost insurmountable obstacles; the first of which was his repeated attempts to master a child's primer. But he was finally successful, and made as much progress as could be expected from dull brains, till he undertook the study of Lilly's Latin Grammar. Every body knows the story of his backward mind, but let it be told again and again, as long as there is a stupid boy on earth. All his efforts to conquer the Latin Grammar proving fruitless, he sat down one day with a broken heart, under the firm conviction that he could never learn any thing. He then took up an English Testament and sneaked with it into the English class. His teacher became angry, and said in a terrific tone, "Sir, what brought you here? Where is your Latin Grammar?" He burst into tears and answered, "I can not learn it." "Go, sir, and take up your Grammar. If you do not speedily get that lesson, I shall pull your ears as long as Jowler's, [a great dog belonging to the premises,] and you shall be a beggar to the day of your death." The boy took his seat, when the one next to him said, "What, have you not learned that lesson yet? O, what a stupid ass! You and I began together; you are now only in *As in presenti*, and I am in syntax;" and then he began to repeat the last lesson he had learned. The taunt aroused him. "What!" said he to himself, "shall I ever be a dunce, and the butt of these fellows' insults?" He snatched up the book, learned his lesson, and in a few days was reciting Latin with such fluency as had never been known in that school before.

His favorite amusement was dancing, which he learned at thirteen years of age. His aptness in this art was in striking contrast to his early dullness in intellectual pursuits. He was so passionately fond of it that, to use his own language in later life, "he could scarcely walk but in measured time, and was constantly tripping, moving, and shuffling in all times and places." At his fifteenth year, study took the place of dancing. An anecdote which he chanced to meet in a newspaper one day, gave him his first knowledge of the despised people called *Methodists*. Some time after this, John Brettell preached in the neighborhood, and young Clarke was one of his auditors. A second hearing of that preacher deepened the conviction awakened by the first; and his subsequent attendance upon the ministry of the well-known Thomas Barber, led to those sore struggles of conscience that eventuated in light and peace. The Bible became his steady companion; and concluding from a careful study

of it that the Methodist doctrines were Scriptural, he joined the society at Mullitrical, near Coleraine, in 1778, which, supposing him to have been born in 1760, would place him in his eighteenth year.

#### BEGINNING TO PREACH.

The young convert was soon seized with a desire to save souls. At first he acted as a Bible-reader, walking from village to village to instruct the masses. Owing to his father's wishes, he accepted a place in a linen-trade establishment; but after undergoing a trial of eleven months, he was convinced that God had called him to the ministry. Mr. Bredin, the Wesleyan superintendent, observed his talents, and engaged him as his assistant. On the evening of June 19, 1782, he preached his first sermon from 1 John v, 19: "*We know that we are of God, and the whole world lieth in wickedness.*" While in these first labors, Mr. Bredin wrote to Mr. Wesley about him, giving an account of his talents, and his promise of future usefulness. In due time a letter was received from Mr. Wesley, inviting young Clarke to his school at Kingswood, in order that he might become better fitted for the ministry. The offer is accepted, and he sets out for England. Of this turning-point in his history, let us catch the view presented by Dr. Etheridge:

"Such was the lofty principle—devotion to Christ and his ministry—which reigned in the breast of this lone young man, who, on the 17th of August, 1782, stood on the deck of a vessel bound from Londonderry to England. As to outward appearance, though something above the middle height, he was slightly made, and had the look of being worn to extreme thinness by fasting and ascetic exercises. Plain in his features, he had, nevertheless, a certain moral beauty from the strong reflection of intellect, wakeful with high and solemn thought, and hallowed by the love of God. A bystander would have judged that he had some relation to the ecclesiastical life by the loose, straight coat then worn by the preachers, and the broad, triangular hat. In fact, the sailors of the press-gang let him pass free, from their having taken him for an Irish priest. His wardrobe was extremely light, his purse yet lighter; and his whole *viaticum* for the voyage to Liverpool, and the land journey to Bristol, consisted of a little bread and cheese."

He was coldly received by the master at Kingswood, Mr. Wesley being at the time in Cornwall. The two weeks that passed before his return, the young stranger passed between study and working in the garden. While digging one day he turned up the half-guinea with which he bought

the Hebrew Grammar that opened the door to his subsequent study of various Oriental tongues. His first interview with Wesley he thus described himself: "I had this privilege for the first time on September 6. I went into Bristol; saw Mr. Rankin, who took me to Mr. Wesley's study off the great lobby of the rooms over the chapel in Broadweed. He tapped at the door, which was opened by this truly-apostolic man. Mr. Rankin retired. Mr. Wesley took me kindly by the hand, and asked me how long since I had left Ireland. Our conversation was short. He said, 'Well, brother Clarke, do you wish to devote yourself entirely to the work of God?' I answered, 'I wish to do and be what God pleases.' He then said, 'We want a preacher for Bradford, in Wiltshire; hold yourself in readiness to go there. I am going into the country, and will let you know when you shall go.' He then turned to me, laid his hands upon my head, and spent a few moments in praying to God to bless and preserve me, and give me success in the work to which I was called. I departed, having now received, in addition to my appointment from God to preach his Gospel, the only authority I could have from man in that line in which I was to exercise the ministry of the Divine Word." Twenty days afterward he received instructions, and set out for Bradford circuit.

Fairly started in his work, he labored with unabated zeal, preaching on his first year five hundred and six sermons. His next two appointments were the circuits of Norwich and East Cornwall. During his year at the latter place, his labors were, if possible, more arduous, his auditors less intelligent, and his accommodations worse than ever before. But the voice of Wesley had preceded him in those rough moorlands, and the people had acquired a thirst for the Gospel. Among the fruits of his ministry stands the name of Samuel Drew, the celebrated metaphysician. At the Conference of 1786 he was appointed to the Norman Isles of the English Channel. He remained a missionary there three years, within which time he was married to Miss Cooke, of Trowbridge, England. Never will the fruits of Adam Clarke's labors in the islands of Jersey and Guernsey be fully known in this world. The French population had but little taste for religious truth, and this was the season when the French tongue was made the vehicle for the most corrupt infidelity of any language. The missionary came in the right season. Through his instrumentality, Methodism became planted on a solid basis. He left between three and four hundred members of the Wesleyan connection, and the inhabitants have ever cherished the warmest affection for his memory. Now there

are more than three thousand members of the Methodist society there; who, besides sustaining thirteen ministers, English and French, contribute some seven hundred pounds per annum to the cause of foreign missions.

## A REBUFF.

Returning from the Norman Isles in 1789, he attended Conference at Leeds. The trustees of the Leeds circuit had requested Mr. Wesley to appoint him as one of their preachers, which, owing to the following circumstance, did not take place. On Conference Sunday he preached twice in the city. In his morning prayer he omitted to pray for the King, which caused offense to some. He corrected his omission in the evening, however, by asking the pardon and blessing of God upon his Majesty, the King. But some of the "chief women" of the congregation took umbrage at this style of petition, as implying "that the King was a sinner!" So they sent a remonstrance to Mr. Wesley against the appointment of Mr. Clarke, averring that his *dangerously-democratic principles unfitted him for their minister*. Mr. Wesley received it, and the rejected man was put down for Halifax. Whereupon Adam Clarke resolved "*never to enter Leeds in the way of an appointment as a traveling preacher*." But he met with as little favor at Halifax as at Leeds; for when the good sisters heard of his appointment among them, they too remonstrated against his coming, urging that he was "*dull, though learned*." But the brethren desired him, to whose letter of request and apology the following reply was made: "The same principles must guide my movements on this as on the former occasion. I do not conceive that my call extends to any place in which women are the governors; because I am certain that God has not truly the rule where the women hold the reins." The Conference closed, however, and he found himself appointed to Bristol, the chief circuit in the Wesleyan connection.

His subsequent appointments were to the most important places—such as Manchester, Liverpool, London, and Dublin. He found himself often associated with the leading men in the connection, and in some cases his ministrations were attended with wonderful success. At the Conference which met in Leeds in 1806, he was elected President in direct opposition to his own wishes; and in 1814 and in 1822 the same honor was conferred upon him. In 1832, the year of the cholera in England, he was attacked by the pestilence, and died in the midst of his family in great peace of mind. Reckoning his birth in 1760, he was seventy-two years of age. The last few years of his life his parish was the whole of the British

Islands; for he was so identified with the Missionary, Bible, and other societies, that he labored for them on all occasions; and wherever he went, he was listened to with eagerness and attention. Well may Dr. Etheridge say of him in this period of his life, "HE WAS THE ELDER REVERED IN THE CHURCH!"

#### AS A PREACHER.

The common opinion that Dr. Clarke was but an ordinary preacher, is a most egregious and slanderous mistake. Because we are chiefly acquainted with him through his Commentary, is no ground that we should not give due credit to his pulpit labors. However dear his exegetical employment lay to him, he was, nevertheless, an earnest, interesting, and instructive preacher. As for the *arts* of oratory, he had a profound contempt for them. He admired and practiced the *natural*. His preaching was characterized, most of all, for unction, and was sometimes attended with very powerful manifestations of the Spirit. Our author says of him—and we can only give clippings of his estimate:

"He was distinguished by his originality. With a mind always inclining to the dialectical, he thought clearly, and on most subjects reasoned with a conclusive force which the most obtuse could apprehend, and the most sophisticated were constrained to acknowledge. But though a thinker on his own account, by his extensive reading he availed himself largely of the thoughts of other men, only making them, in a manner, his own by processes of the mental laboratory, and always reproducing them with the mint-mark of his own intellect, and in combinations which genius only is able to form. His mind thus gave back an affluent return of interest upon the principal for which, in any amount, he was indebted to others; and that not only in the ratio of quantity, but quality as well. He remarks, in one of his letters to Mr. Brackenbury: 'To reduce preaching to the rules of science, and to learn the art of it, is something of which my soul can not form too horrid an idea. I bless Jesus Christ that I have never learned to preach, but through his eternal mercy I am taught by him, from time to time, as I need instruction. I can not make a sermon before I go into the pulpit; therefore, I am obliged to hang upon the arm and the wisdom of the Lord.' All the way through his long career he was, more than most men, an extempore preacher. In the course of his life he wrote many sermons, which are now extant in his works; but the greater number of these give but an inadequate idea of his style and manner of preaching. The Rev. J. B. B. Clarke, in the retrospect he has published of his

father's life, says, 'He hardly ever wrote a line as a preparation for preaching. I have now in my possession a slip of paper, about three inches long by one wide, containing the first words of a number of texts; and this was the sole memoranda on which he preached several occasional sermons in various parts of the country.' His pulpit ministrations were substantially Biblical. *He preached the Word!* Here was the secret of his power. He brought a rule to bear upon the conscience, against which there was no appeal. The hearers, to whatever chapel they followed him, very seldom listened to the same discourse. The late Mr. Buttress, who always accompanied him when he was stationed in London, affirmed that he never heard him preach the same discourse twice.

"The auditors of Clarke forgot the want of artistic accomplishments which have contributed to make the modern pulpit sometimes attractive. A comparatively-homely manner, and a voice not tuned at all times to melodious cadences, were not once thought of. He was not a mere orator. He brought strong thoughts and clothed them in honest words, as a means to an end. He had a purpose, and one in which you, as his hearer, had an everlasting interest. He wanted to make you a better man; he wanted to save your soul; and to do this, he sought to lay hold on you by the conscience. . . . And these works and services were sustained by him for half a century of time, and over a great extent of area in the social world. He went literally through the length and breadth of the land. From the Norman Isles to the *Ultima Thule* of the storm-beaten Zetlands, he revealed the glorious Gospel of the grace of God. The English nation, one might say, knew and revered him. Men in high places and men in low degree, in crowded cities and sequestered hamlets, alike waited for his coming, and welcomed the sound of his voice."

#### THE WRITER.

When the capacity and desire for knowledge were fully awakened in Adam Clarke, he manifested an early taste for the classics. But he was also very fond of the mysterious and wonderful, and many a penny did he save in his early life to buy such books as *The Nine Worthies of the World*, *The Seven Champions*, *Sir Francis Drake*, *Robinson Crusoe*, *Arabian Nights*, *Peruvian Tales*, and *Guy, Earl of Warwick*. During the first years of his ministry he was greatly restrained from the study of books on account of his slender means, want of time, and distance from libraries. A circumstance happened while on his first circuit that well-nigh put an end to his classical studies. While in the preacher's room at Mot-



comb, he noticed a Latin sentence in pencil on the wall. It related to the vicissitudes of life, and the young itinerant wrote under it some kindred lines from Virgil:

"Quo fata trahunt retrahuntque sequamur;  
Per varios casus, per tot discrimina rerum  
Tendimus in cælum."

One of his colleagues, an unlearned and morbidly stern man, saw this, and appended the following:

"Did you write the above  
To show us you could write Latin?  
For shame!  
Do send pride  
To hell, from whence it came.  
O young man, improve your  
Time, eternity's at hand!"

When the ambitious young preacher found these words, he was stung to the quick. Then thinking that perhaps he was wrong in his devotion to the classics, he vowed before God "that he would never more meddle with Greek or Latin so long as he lived." This resolution he faithfully observed four years, at the end of which time he concluded that he was too rash in making it, and returned to his now forgotten languages. When he commenced to write, the passion became so strong that his pen was perfectly ungovernable. During the course of his life he composed many works on various subjects; among which are the following: Translation of the Abbe Maury's Discourse on Pulpit Eloquence; Use and Abuse of Tobacco; Translation of Sturm's Reflections; Translation of Henry's Treatise on the Manners of the Ancient Israelites; The Bibliographical Dictionary, in six volumes; Bibliographical Miscellany; Memoirs of the Wesley Family; Clavis Biblica, and a continuation of Rymer's *Fœdera*, by appointment of the Government. Besides all these, were scores of essays and magazine articles, many of which now help to make that wonderful mass of untresured literature.

But it is as Biblical Commentator that Adam Clarke is best known and is most serviceable to us of these times. From his conversion his heart was always interested in the true meaning of the Bible. While in the Norman Isles, this strengthened into the critical study of the Septuagint and some chance notes on the New Testament. His Commentary was long in progress, and a man of less fixedness of purpose and love of souls would have grown tired of the task years before its completion. Of the finishing of this work he wrote thus to a friend: "It will give you pleasure to hear that on March 28, 1825, at 8 o'clock in the evening, I wrote upon my knees the last note on the last verse of the last chapter of Malachi. Thus terminated a work on which I have painfully employed upward of thirty years."

The judgment of Dr. Etheridge on Dr. Clarke's Commentary is most discreet and well timed, especially in view of the animadversions of an unfriendly character that are nowadays cast upon it by the younger portion of the Methodist ministry.

"Of the Commentary we have no need to say any thing in the way of description; a book found alike on the shelf of the peer and the peasant is too well known to require this. Its merits and blemishes have long ago been pointed out, and call for no new criticisms. One leading feature in its character is *independence in thinking*. English Commentators in general are not distinguished by originality. Several of them have notoriously borrowed from their predecessors, and appear to have been either unable or unwilling to think for themselves. . . . But the greater number of Clarke's expositions are emphatically his own. In a work, then, thus marked by original thinking, we are prepared to find here and there traces of a strong idiosyncrasy. We should recollect that the author is a man who is used to decide for himself, and that 'with a will,' so we are not to be astonished if he even argues that Judas will be saved, or that the serpent which tempted Eve was a baboon.

"Dr. Adam Clarke's Commentary on the Holy Scriptures is, on the whole, one of the noblest works of the class in the entire domain of sacred literature. It is a thesaurus of general learning; and, as the exposition of an Eastern book, it abounds very properly with a great variety of Oriental illustrations, philological, ethnical, and antiquarian. In amassing these, he drew from the most choice lexicons of the Hebrew and cognate languages; from the rabbinical writings, either the authors themselves, or the collections of Schættgen, Lightfoot, and others who have made selections of the most eligible places in those writings which are available for the commentator; from translations of the Indian mythologists, lawgivers, moralists, and poets; and from a whole library of historians, naturalists, travelers, and writers on the archæology of the Oriental nations. When we consider that this great undertaking was begun, continued, and ended by one man, and that man engaged in the zealous and faithful discharge of so many public duties, instead of reasonably complaining that here and there it has a blemish, or that its general plan is not in all respects filled up as completely as could be desired, our wonder is rather excited that he should have brought it so far as he did toward perfection. The Commentary is not equal through all its parts. On some books he is more diffuse and effective than on others. The Pentateuch and the Gospels are done well; and

so are the Apostolical Epistles. On the historical books, also, he is in general satisfactory. But on the prophetic portions of the Word of God he commonly fails. This, in one way or another, is a fault common with nearly all our popular expositors of the Bible. . . .

"But in comparison with the substantial excellences of the work, these defects appear almost inconsiderable. Its luminous expositions of the Law and Gospel; its earnest and forcible appeals to the conscience of the sinner and unbeliever; its rich counsels for the well-understood wants of the Christian's inner life; its endless exhibitions of general knowledge, and its valuable aids to the students of those holy tongues in which Revelation took its first recorded forms; all will render this book the companion and the counselor of multitudes as long as the English language may endure. The man who accomplished it achieved immortality, his name having become identified with an indestructible monument of learning and religion."

It would be pleasant to sketch Dr. Clarke's strange studies in alchemistic lore, and his still stranger experience with Dr. Hand, as well as to give in full the controversy springing from his disbelief in the eternal Sonship of Christ—"that unhappy twist in the Doctor's judgment formed in his juvenile years, but never rectified." But we have already lingered too long in the presence-chamber of the devoted and earnest man. May his kindly but earnest spirit be always present in the Church he loved so much! As a denomination, we should give him the tribute of that profound respect that every true heart loves to render a departed benefactor; for next to John Wesley the Apostle, and Charles Wesley the Minstrel of Methodism, she owes most of her powerful hold upon the masses of Great Britain and North America to Adam Clarke—thus far her greatest and safest expositor of the Word of God.

#### SELFISH REFORMATION.

SOME men, when they attempt to reform their lives, reform those things for which they do not much care. They take the torch of God's Word, and enter some indifferent chamber, and the light blazes in, and they see that they are very sinful there; and then they look into another room, where they do not often stay, and are willing to admit that they are very sinful there; but they leave unexplored some cupboards and secret apartments where their life really is, and where they have stored up the things which are dearest to them, and which they will neither part from, nor suffer rebuke for.

#### WHAT THE FOREST SAID TO ITSELF. TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN.

BY LUELLA CLARK.

##### THE FIR-TREE.

"WHY did the fir-tree creak when the daisy said the Winter was wicked and could not bear the flowers?" asked the linden.

"Because he was vexed," answered the oak. "When he is vexed he creaks. Hast thou not heard that? When the wind comes and sweeps through the forest, then he calls to us, 'trees, bow ye!' But the fir-tree says 'stand firm!' and when the forest-trees are afraid and make their obeisance to the wind, the fir-tree remains standing very stiff, turns only disapprovingly, and creaks because he is vexed."

"Well, what has that to do with the Winter and the daisy?" said the linden.

"Ask him about it; ask him," babbled the poplar. "Thou wilt hear what he says; he often gives pointed answers."

But the linden was really inquisitive. Who can blame her for it? When one stands all the year round in the same place, one lets not willingly a story escape him from fear of receiving a pointed answer. Should it be too pointed, one shakes it from him; and trees also can do that. But the linden was prudent, and deliberated upon a suitable inquiry.

"Fir-tree," said she, "how comes it that thou always wearest the same dress, Winter and Summer, in cold and warm days?"

"Because I am not proud, and need not always be having something new, like you," answered the fir-tree.

"There you have it—take that!" said the poplar.

But the fir-tree was wrong. That was not the reason, for, after all, he could not go contrary to his nature. Yet men, indeed, do no better, and esteem always as a peculiar virtue what is natural to them. He who has no taste for ornament rails at pride. There are people who scoff at poetry because they have no sensibility for it, and they are really more in the wrong than the fir-tree.

The linden had, indeed, received the answer almost angrily, and would not again have meddled with the fir-tree, but she was too inquisitive for that; and that was well, for on the one hand pouting does no good, and otherwise she would not have heard the story of the Winter, or we either. The linden murmured something to herself, then turned again to her unfriendly neighbor and said:

"Thou mightest, indeed, tell us something of the Winter; thou knowest him, and as it is re-

ported, thou hast loved him. We others, we know nothing of him, for we go to sleep when he comes; but thou remainest awake, and talkest with him the long, long time."

The fir-tree was silent awhile, and all the trees listened eagerly what would come of it; only the willow said,

"Thou hast courage, linden."

At last the fir-tree answered, "Let me alone; and if thou wilt know any thing of the Winter, keep awake. Who will know any thing, must not sleep all the time."

The conversation would have ended here had not the oak interposed. Now she stood in very high esteem among the trees of the wood, because she was the oldest and the strongest.

"Fir-tree," said she, "thou seemest an unfriendly fellow, but thou art not so bad and sharp, only thou always turnest thy rough side out. I know thee better, for I saw thee long since, when thou wast hardly a year old, and hadst put forth but a single green shoot. But why art thou harsh toward thy associates? Has not one soil produced us? Do not our roots embrace each other below as do our branches above? Do we not mutually defy dangers, which, singly, we could not withstand? It is not well to seclude one's self, especially for so unimportant a thing. Because these adorn themselves with leaves and thou with needles; because thy bark is, perhaps, rougher than that of the beech, why wilt thou retire within thyself and appear unfriendly, which thou art not? Nay, talk to thy companions. Be joyful with them now in prosperity, since thou must remain with them in a bitterer time."

Those were earnest words. The fir took them to heart—many another might do it also. The fir-tree deliberated, then he said,

"You wish to hear of the Winter. Well, then, lay aside your prejudice against him, for I know you can not bear him. Do not think that I am partial, because he is my friend; I am only true, because I know him. But to the subject. When God, the Master, had created the world, when the flowers appeared upon the field, and the trees in the forest, He called the seasons and said, 'See my world, how beautiful it is! I deliver it to you. Share ye in the flowers and trees, but love and cherish them also.' Then were the seasons very glad, and rejoiced with the children of Nature. This continued a short time, but here and there dissensions began to rise between them. The hasty, variable Spring could not tolerate the slow, circumspect Winter; the glowing Summer found the Autumn phlegmatic; the Autumn scolded the Spring for delaying the flowers; in short, the strife became continually more serious, and flowers and trees found themselves in the

worst condition on account of it. Then the Autumn said, 'This will do no longer; if we can not tolerate each other, come and let us divide.' And so it was done. The seasons divided the earth. At the two poles the Winter built his house; the Summer established himself at the middle of the earth, and Spring and Autumn made their realm between. That it does not continue entirely according to this division you will learn later; but it is still almost the same, and Winter yet lives in his old house."

"How do you know that?" asked the linden.

"My cousin has told me so, who once visited him there."

"Take care—he is lying to us," whispered the poplar to her neighbor.

"How could thy cousin visit him?" asked the linden; "he could not stand fast like us."

"It happened in this way," answered the fir-tree. "There once came bold, enterprising men, and sought out wood to build a ship. My cousin, a tall, slender fir-tree, stood right proud among the other trees of the forest. Scarcely had they perceived him, than he was felled, and they made him the mast-tree. Now they went to sea. The sailors put on my cousin a great sail, and said, 'hold it fast.' But upon his summit they planted a party-colored, wide-streaming banner. My cousin was very merry on the voyage, and did his duty well; and when the wind came and would take away the sail, he held it fast and did not bend; therefore, the sailors honored him above all the wood of the ship. Their direction was always toward the north, and, behold, they came all at once to the abode of Winter. The house looked plain indeed, but substantial; and as the ship knocked at the door, Winter came out, overwhelmed with surprise at the extraordinary visit. But it often happens that when he comes he does not appear very friendly; he felt himself, also, ill prepared for hospitality, and shook his head so that the white flakes showered down. Then he recognized my cousin, and as he is especially kind to us fir-trees, he became really friendly; and now commenced the gossip. Then he wished to know how it went with each one of his brothers, and as the mast knew all about it, he, too, began to relate, loudly, wonderful stories; and what you now hear from me is one of them. These stories had, indeed, no end, and the old master was so happy in his memories, all which he now revived, that he would not let the ship go away again, and clasped his arms fast about it. My cousin can not tell enough how beautiful that was, but the better he found himself the worse it went with the crew."

"One morning he heard them taking counsel together. 'Our wood is burned; our provisions

are failing,' said the steward; 'and if the ice does not soon recede, we must miserably perish. Let us hew down and burn the mast, that will preserve us at least awhile.' When my cousin heard that he besought the Winter to let the ship go; and Winter heard him, in order to save his favorite, which he would not have done to please the men. He let the ice recede, and the ship, with its crew, came gladly back again home."

"That was good!" cried the trees all together.

"But let me now return to my history," resumed the fir-tree. "The earth was also divided, and the seasons had each his own realm. So it would now have continued well, had not the Spring, in his inconstancy, demanded a change. It was not pleasant for him to remain always in the same place, so he called the seasons together and made to them the following proposition. 'Let us divide differently,' said he; 'let the earth belong to us mutually, and we shall not be obliged to remain in one place. Each of us shall have an appointed time when he shall possess the whole earth; when he alone shall rule.'

"'I am satisfied,' said the Summer, 'if I only retain for myself the girdle of the earth.'

"'And I my poles,' said the Winter.

"The light-minded Spring consented to every thing, if he only accomplished his purpose; and the Autumn hoped to be compensated in another way. So the bargain was closed, and the Spring wished to enter immediately on his reign. Then spoke the discreet Winter. 'But let not one take all the beauty of the earth for himself—let us divide that also.'

"'Good!' said the Spring. 'I take the buds.'

"'To me belong the blossoms,' said the Summer.

"'The fruits are mine!' cried the greedy Autumn; 'and the leaves of the trees shall the Winter retain.'

"The Winter had nothing against it; the bargain was closed, and Spring began his reign. He kissed forth the buds on tree and shrub, and every thing smiled upon him. As now the buds burst, as a thousand colors gleamed forth on leaf and flower, Summer took the throne of the earth. But then the arrangement began easily to be changed; for the Autumn, who was always thinking of his own interest, concluded a strange contract with the Summer. The Summer was to leave him flowers—he gave him fruits for them; yet, as was said, he should not have been too selfish, and reserved the best for himself. Now he obtained alone the sovereignty, and gathered with greedy hands the fruits, for he had a right to them. But he appropriated to himself something else besides whereby the poor Winter was very much cheated. You recollect

that, after the division, the leaves of the trees had fallen to the Winter. But in the glowing season of love, as leaf hung above leaf, and underneath, in the grass, the flowers glanced and coquettishly displayed their thousand colors—a flirtation had commenced between the leaves and flowers. As very often happens, this love began in all sorts of raillery. When the sun, warm and bright, would shine upon the flowers, the leaves of the trees placed themselves between; but before the flowers were aware of it, they turned aside so that the sunshine fell straight down and blinded the little things underneath them. The flowers winked their eyes, and the leaves tittered overhead among the branches. But when a refreshing rain came, the leaves held up the drops, and when the flowers thought all was over, they let them fall down so that the flowers shivered and shook their heads. What was at first only raillery, soon became loving service, for the sun became hotter and hotter, and the poor, delicate flowers would have been all parched up, had not the leaves, like a shield, intercepted the fiery shafts of its beams. After this deep earnestness, the affection and the teasing were no longer enough, and they sought means for an alliance. Still, there overhead hung the leaves, and the flowers glowed in the grass. Love always knows how to find a way. The leaves and flowers had soon chosen a messenger, who bore back and forth their sighs and vows—the ivy. It descended and wound itself among the flowers, and upward, a green wreath to the leaves of the trees—leaf pressed upon leaf, the conductor of sweet vows—a secret love-chain. He who did not understand this loving business, at first sight, did not recognize the evergreen tendrils as the secret vows of reveling young lovers. And the flowers and leaves were satisfied with this embassy. Then the sovereignty of the Autumn came to an end, and he wished to pluck up from the field the remaining flowers. Then the leaves grew pale from longing, and importuned the Autumn, with eager petitions, to let them come down only a single time to their dying sweethearts. And Autumn heard them, although he had no right to do it, and encroached upon the Winter, to whom alone pertained the sovereignty over the leaves. Autumn shook the trees, and down fluttered the loving leaves to the earth. Now first began a right mad love-life. The Autumn, who had his fun about it, struck up a wild tune; the leaves flew in a whirling dance around the flowers, till they, faint and weary, drooped their heads, and the leaves, with the last song of the Autumn, lay themselves down to an eternal slumber. Then came on the Winter. Cold and desolate, field and forest received him. Nothing



green to welcome him except we poor fir-trees; for with our needles no little flower had wished to commence a love affair; and the ivy still twined itself from tree to tree, as if it wished to adorn a triumphal arch for the Winter, and from branch to branch, as if he would conceal the faithlessness of the leaves, and lend to the trees an attire instead of the lost and blasted foliage. The Winter was touched by it; and while he, being angry, whipped down and chased over the ice and snow the last leaves which remained against their will, and hung singly here and there on the branches, he spoke kindly to the leaves of the ivy. 'You will I protect; you will I preserve to the friendly work you have chosen. Be and remain love-messengers; carry secret greetings over from blossom to leaf, from Autumn to Spring; throw an evergreen bridge from season to season. Your mission is to embrace and to unite; you, the evergreen memorial of the fields and woods, shall break even the rigor of Winter.'

"So spoke Winter to the ivy; but upon us fir-trees, he bestowed his fullest affection, and prepared for us honor in which you other trees may not participate."

"And what might that be?" asked the other trees, grieved.

"Winter is the season of kindness," the fir-tree said; for he had easily proved that matter by the ivy. "Men know that, for at no time do they associate so closely as just in the Winter. So brings he also with him the friendly, holy, mystical Christmas feast; so see you also in his train that most friendly genius, the Gift-man. Men say, 'The Gift-man, that is the affection of parents, of friends,' but that is not true. When he practices his magic, it is all over with men. Day and night, in the early Winter season, the mother is devising, but only because the Gift-man is continually whispering in her ear. And he who goes out to buy things for the Christmas night, always brings home more than he wished; he shortens his purse more than he intended. It is not the beautiful things that charm him; no, it is the Gift-man, who, over all, nods and whispers, and draws upon the heart, so that the hand opens, and again and again, till he has prepared the richest Christmas gifts. We fir-trees—we know that, for we stand always in the midst; we are the Christmas-trees; and us the good Gift-man always places in the very midst of the finest Christmas jubilees. We are no where missing, either in palace or cot. Let the parents be ever so poor, a couple of lights are still stuck upon our green boughs for the exulting children. Gold and silver hang down on us; glittering fruits we bear; and the children clap their hands before us; for, though every thing else also is so beautiful, the

Christmas-tree remains still the most beautiful, for it has the Gift-man invested with his own most peculiar, most wonderful magic. Possibly the children love the Gift-man so much because he is himself so really child-minded. Hope flings all sorts of glowing images about the green boughs—rich and golden he stands there—mystical and inexplicable. But one gleaming image after another falls off; the gold was illusion; the hopes wither; the mystery is lost; with the last spangle that is taken off, the whole wonder vanishes, and it is nothing more than a dry fir-tree. In the mind of the child, one golden dream after another is blown away; one mystery after another, in which it was wrapped, is lost; and how different life is when the child is brought back to itself!"

"When the spangles have all fallen is thy glory past?" asked the aspen.

"Then the tree is set into the chimney," said the fir; "and there hears he often many a beautiful story, which men relate to each other while they look into the fire. He hears well; but if any thing occurs which displeases him, then he cracks, so that the sparks spring out and the people run away together from the chimney. And when also the golden apples are consumed, the children look sorrowfully out of their corner, when the Christmas-tree is burned out.

"You see, that is the story of the Winter and of the fir-tree. At another time I will tell also a story which a Christmas-tree heard in the chimney; for men know also very beautiful stories. Yes, another time."

# MAI.

BY T. HULBERT UNDERWOOD.

MAI is singing,  
She is singing  
In her arbor under vines;  
Winds are creeping,  
Laughing, leaping,  
And bo-peeping  
In her arbor under vines.  
MAI is sleeping,  
Sweetly sleeping  
In her arbor under vines;  
Winds are chilling—  
Though unwilling  
They are killing.  
In her arbor under vines.  
MAI is resting,  
Early resting  
In a short grave under vines;  
Winds are keeping,  
Never sleeping,  
Wail and weeping  
O'er the short grave under vines.

## IRISH METHODISM.

BY REV. ABEL STEVENS, LL. D.

## THE IRISH REBELLION.

THE disturbances which followed the death of Wesley, on the sacramental question, did not seriously affect the Irish Conference. That question was inevitable, but awaited a later date, when it was to break out with hardly less calamitous effects than attended it in the sister island. But about the time that peace returned to the connection in the latter, Irish Methodism was to struggle with the terrible evils of the memorable Irish Rebellion, the result of those anarchical tendencies, political and moral, which the French Revolution had spread over Europe, and which had so much exasperated the trials of English Methodism. The Papists organized secret societies; the "United Irishmen" became a formidable combination; and for a time the Protestants of Ulster were inveigled into the treasonable scheme, chiefly by the agency of Theobald Tone Wolf, a professed Protestant, but a disciple of Thomas Paine. From 1795 the rebellious spirit spread rapidly till, about the end of 1797, the whole island was in agitation, and the next year the conspiracy exploded in desolating mobs and civil war. A French invasion was invited, and was attempted under the command of General Hubert. The horrors perpetrated, in the name of liberty, by this outbreak of commingled Popery and infidelity, can never be fully recorded.\* The shrubberies were gleaned for pike-handles, the Catholic children were "marked," that they might be discriminated from those of Protestants in the massacres; infuriated priests instigated the mob; Protestants were piked at the altar, their houses were burned, and their farms devastated; leaves of Bibles were stuck on the top of pikes, and displayed with Hibernian inappropriateness as "the French colors;" preachers of the Gospel were imprisoned and murdered; signal-fires gleamed on the hills at night; tens of thousands of armed ruffians marched to and fro in the country, desolating it with fire and sword; thirty-

seven thousand of them encamped near Ross, and on the next day seven thousand were slain on the field.

Methodists, particularly Methodist itinerants, were, of course, objects of the special malignity of the rebels, for they were noted for their loyalty. Their societies were thrown into general confusion, their families scattered, and their preachers, traveling and local, hunted and imprisoned. George Taylor, one of the latter, was led into the Wexford prison, clothed in a soldier's ragged garment, without hat, neckcloth, or comfortable shoes. William Gurley, another Methodist prisoner, recognized him; they wept in each other's arms, and shared some food which was brought by the wife of Gurley. The rebels had stripped Taylor for his clothes, and had led him, arrayed in his military rags, to be shot. While in a line with other victims, ranged on their knees for execution, a proclamation arrived from the rebel commandant, which saved him. He was, nevertheless, struck several times and stabbed by the disappointed insurgents, and at last led to prison. There he and Gurley prayed at night with their fellow-sufferers. The Papist guards were affected by his piety and treated him with kindness; and when the hair of the prisoners was cut off, and "pitched caps" put upon their heads, he was spared that indignity, though it was imposed upon a clergyman of the Establishment, who became insane by his sufferings. Taylor was offered his liberty if he would join the rebel army, but sternly refused, and was pinioned for his loyalty. He was separated at last from Gurley, but the latter kept up his prayer meetings with the prisoners. "The number," he says, "of Protestants taken out, from time to time, to be put to death, caused my prayer meetings, morning, noon, and evening, to be thronged; and after we were locked up at night, we had prayers by ourselves in the cell." He adds "that a Divine power attended these meetings, such as he never saw before; and several were enabled to believe with the heart, and to trust in a present Savior, and were happy in their bonds. Some who hitherto had been lukewarm, were now quickened and made alive in Christ, rejoicing in their Redeemer." The two Methodists were at last led forth with others to be murdered on a bridge and cast into the river. "Gurley with others passed out till they came to the 'murdering band.' This was a company of insurgents who stood in two rows to receive the prisoners as they came out. They were armed with pikes, which were red with the blood of those whom they had just murdered. They set up a shout: 'Here comes Gurley, the heretic! Pike him! pike him! pike the heretic dog!'" With the spirit of a martyr he heard his doom

\* See Taylor's History of the Rebellion, etc., Sir Richard Musgrave's Memoirs, etc.; and, for the sufferings of the Methodists particularly, Lanktree's Biog. Narrative, Reilly's Memoir of Ouseley, and Gurley's Memoir of Gurley. Gurley was a sufferer in some of the worst scenes of the Rebellion; he witnessed some of the worst massacres; his brother and brother-in-law were murdered; he was himself imprisoned and brought out to be piked, but miraculously escaped death, and went to America, where he died a Methodist preacher. His Memoir, by Rev. L. B. Gurley, was published in Cincinnati in 1856.

pronounced. "I felt," he says, "the moment the ruffian's hand was laid on my neck, the power of God come on my soul, and I was filled with unutterable joy. I had no doubt but that in a few minutes I should be with Jesus in paradise." They were conducted with curses and yells to the bloody bridge. The prisoners, arranged in a row on their knees, awaited their fate. An eye-witness says: "Some they pierced in places not mortal, to prolong and increase their torture; others they raised aloft on their pikes, and while the victim writhed in the extreme of agony, and his blood streamed down the handles of their pikes, they exulted round him with savage joy." "They piked six," says Taylor, "in the most horrid manner, and threw them over the bridge. One man in his torture jumped into the river, where they shot him. While these were being tortured I thought surely I would be one of the next, as there was only one between me and death, when the Lord appeared in our behalf." The Romish priest of Wexford interfered and rescued them. Such is an example of the horrors of those times. The Irish Conference wrote to the British session of 1798: "Never did we expect to see so awful a day as we now behold! The scenes of carnage and desolation which open to our view in every part of the land are truly affecting; we can not help crying, 'O God, shorten the day of our calamity, or no flesh can be saved!' To attempt a description of our deplorable state would be vain indeed. Suffice it to say, that loss of trade, breach of confidence, fear of assassination, towns burned, counties laid waste, houses for miles without an inhabitant, and the air tainted with the stench of thousands of carcasses, form some outline of the melancholy picture of our times. However, in the midst of this national confusion we, and our people in general, blessed be God! have been wonderfully preserved; though some of us were imprisoned for weeks by the rebels, exposed also to fire and sword in the heat of battle, and carried—surrounded by hundreds of pikes—into the enemies' camp, and plundered of almost every valuable, yet we have not suffered the least injury in our persons. And moreover, God, even our own God, has brought us through all, to see and embrace each other in this favored city. But while we bless God for preservation, we have to lament that on the Carlow and Wicklow circuits, and several others, many societies have been scattered, and many of our people left without a place to lay their heads. This may, in some measure, account for the diminution of our numbers this year; yet we bless God that in other parts of the kingdom there has been an ingathering of souls, as well as a deepening of his work in the hearts of his people."

Irish Methodists justly boast of the loyalty and courage of their fathers in those terrible days. Preachers and laymen generally stood firm on the side of order, at the risk of all things. It is claimed that "Methodist loyalty" saved Dublin from being sacked. A Methodist citizen received secret word, from his brother in the country, that the rebels were about to precipitate themselves upon the capital. The information was communicated to the Lord-Lieutenant when no apprehension of the danger was entertained; preparations were immediately made, the cannon of the castle gave the alarm, and the drums beat to arms through the streets. During the night the troops left the city, met the rebel army near at hand, and defeated it. The authorities appreciated the fidelity of the denomination. Coke hastened to Ireland to encourage the Church in its struggles. He obtained the protection of the Lord-Lieutenant for its preachers, and special permission for them to assemble from all parts of the country in Conference, at Dublin, at a time when all assemblages of more than five men, except the military, were prohibited. The itinerants held their session with closed doors and without a sentinel, in Whitefriar-Street Church, during nearly three weeks, and, at its conclusion, had letters of permission and protection from the government, to travel to their destinations throughout the country. "We enjoy," wrote the Conference to its English brethren, "all the instituted and prudential ordinances, while in various parts houses of all denominations have been deserted." Lord Castlereagh was the chief secretary for Ireland at this time, and Alexander Knox, the old friend of Wesley, was his private secretary; Coke's influence with them, sustained by the good reputation of the Methodists, doubtless obtained these extraordinary favors.

This session of the Conference was rendered an epoch in Irish Methodism by the fact that it ordained the celebrated Irish missions, providing preaching for the people in their native language. Coke proposed the measure, and pledged its pecuniary support. James M'Quigg and Charles Graham were appointed the first two missionaries.

#### IRISH MISSIONARIES.

M'Quigg was pronounced an eminent Irish scholar and an able preacher. His health was soon prostrated by the labors of the mission; but he continued to promote it by editing the Irish Bible, under the direction of the British and Foreign Bible Society, which made honorable acknowledgment of his ability and services. He put the translation through a second edition, in Dublin, revising it by Bedel's original manuscript in the library of St. Patrick's Cathedral, and was

preparing a stereotyped third edition, when he sank into the grave under his infirmities; but he has continued to live an effective life among his countrymen by the vernacular Scriptures which have been scattered by thousands in all parts of the island, and have, in late years, been sapping the foundations of Irish Popery.

Charles Graham is still revered in Ireland as one of its chief Methodistic characters. Little is known of his early life, except that he was noted for his dauntless Irish spirit, and the leadership of his clan at their uproarious fairs and other gatherings. When more than twenty-five years of age the death of his mother induced in him religious thoughts. He was a Churchman, but could not find the guidance he needed from his parish ministers. He thought he would try Popery; but its gross superstitions and the extortions of its priests soon repelled him. Some pious Protestants in Sligo, his native place, gave him instructions which encouraged him; but he still groped in darkness and difficulties till he heard the Methodist itinerants, who taught him to seek a present and free salvation. He obtained it, and forthwith began to publish the grace of God which he had received, throughout his own and the adjacent counties. In 1790 Wesley found him, and commissioned him as a missionary evangelist in Kerry, the last county which received Methodism. He could speak the vernacular Irish—a rare qualification among the Wesleyan preachers, as most of them hitherto had been Englishmen. He did great service in the county of Kerry, and he is still venerated there as its apostle. He began his mission in the streets of Milltown. Riding into the town, he asked a youth, "Do you know any one here that has a Bible and reads it?" "O yes," he was answered, "the clerk of the Church," to whose house he was directed. Riding up to the door, he accosted the clerk, expressing the hope that, as he was accustomed to read the Bible, he would have no objection to a preacher of its truths. The man appeared astonished and confounded. "I read the Bible, sir! no, indeed, I never read it, unless what I read of it at Church on Sunday." The application and the appearance of the missionary were not, however, without good effect on the man's mind. "Come in, sir; come in, sir," he at last said; "make my house your home while you remain." From being notorious for wickedness, he became a devoted Christian—the first fruits of Graham's mission to Kerry. He joined the Methodist society, his influence became considerable in the town and neighborhood, and he continued faithful unto death. Milltown was made the head of a circuit.

Few Methodist preachers had severer trials,

from mobs, than Graham, but he courageously met and conquered them. He was often stoned, or overwhelmed by the pressure of the hostile crowd, or his voice drowned by their shouts; but if driven from any place it was only to return again, sometimes after repeated repulses, sometimes by the strangest opportunities. He was twice defeated in the streets of Tralee—for his preaching was usually in the open air—but in the third attempt he was successful. Two of the persecutors planned to silence him; one of them was to throw stones at him from behind a wall, while the other was to take his stand in the throng, observing the effect of the missiles, and directing the mob. The first stone, however, struck the accomplice in the crowd; he was borne to the hospital, and died confessing his design. The persecution at Tralee was thus ended.

#### GIDEON OUSELEY.

The most eminent of these evangelists was Gideon Ouseley, a name which has been almost a synonym of Irish Methodism for more than half a century. He was born in 1762, at Dunmore, in the county of Galway. His family is distinguished in the military, diplomatic, and literary history of England.\* The eldest son of the house, his ambition might have aspired to the distinction which several of his kindred have attained; but he chose to seek "the kingdom of God and his righteousness," and to cast his lot among the humble, but heroic evangelists, who, as he deemed, were accomplishing the noblest work for his country, and "the trial of whose faith being much more precious than of gold that perisheth, though it be tried with fire," will be found unto "higher praise, and honor, and glory at the appearing of Jesus Christ." He had received a classical education. His youth was "bold, generous, and intrepid." From his childhood he was subject to strong religious impressions, but found no suitable guidance to his inquiring spirit for many years. "Lord, help me! What shall I do? Who will teach me?" were the frequent cries of his conscience amid the spiritual dearth which prevailed around him. In 1789 the Methodist itinerants penetrated to Dunmore; he heard them, and his awakened soul approved their message. The next year he attended their assemblies habitually, and in deep anguish sought "the peace of God, which he heard there offered "without money and without price." He found it, and spent the remainder of his long life in proclaim-

\* General Sir Ralph Ouseley was the brother of the Methodist itinerant; Sir William and Sir George Ouseley, the Orientalists, were his cousins and schoolmates.



ing it to his countrymen. He received Wesley's definition of sanctification, and became a practical example of the doctrine. His ardent but enlightened mind now saw so distinctly the comparative importance of temporal and eternal things, that, renouncing the conventional prejudices of his social position, and the ordinary aims of life, he consecrated himself to the humblest Christian labors, resolved to sacrifice the transient present for the eternal future. He began to preach among his neighbors, and was soon proclaiming the Gospel from town to town in his own and adjacent counties, an apostolic evangelist. Of course no little interest was excited by so singular an example in "high life." The people heard him with wonder. He preached in season and out of season. His first sermon was in a church-yard at a funeral, an occasion which he often chose as peculiarly favorable for deep impressions of the truth. "He not only preached," says his biographer, "and exhorted in the streets and church-yards, fairs and markets, but was accustomed to attend the wake-houses, or places where the corpse lay; here he would mingle with the crowds who were collected for the purpose of 'hearing mass,' and while the priest read the prayers in Latin, not one word of which the people could understand, he would translate every part that was good into Irish, and then address the whole assembly, in the presence of the priest, on their eternal interests; preaching to them Jesus, and salvation in his name. One instance of this kind will answer to illustrate his manner of proceeding. He one day rode up to a house where the priest was celebrating mass; the large assembly were on their knees; Ouseley kneeled with them, and, rendering into Irish every word that would bear a Scriptural construction, he audibly repeated it, adding, 'Listen to that!' They were deeply affected; the priest was thunderstruck; and all were ready to receive whatever he might say. Service being ended, the congregation rose to their feet; he then delivered an exhortation on the need of having their peace made with God, of being reconciled to him, submitting to the doctrine of reconciliation by real penitence, and by faith in the Lord Jesus Christ. When he had concluded, they cried out to the priest, 'Father, who is that?' 'I do n't know,' replied the priest, 'he is not a man at all; he is an angel; no man could do what he has done.' Ouseley mounted his horse and rode away, followed by the blessings of the multitude. This instance will show, that however desultory the manner, there was method in all his proceedings, exactly agreeing with the state of society as he found it, and better adapted to the circumstances and prejudices of the people, than any set form

of ministration could possibly have been; and, as frequently appeared, great blessing accompanied the Word, thus sought home to the wants and hearts of multitudes."

Such was the man who was to be, for many years, the chief Methodist evangelist among the Irish. Throughout the province of Connaught, and as far as Leinster, he pursued these labors during about seven years before his name appeared in the Minutes, exhorting in Dunmore and neighboring villages, at fairs, funerals, and other occasions on week-days, and on Saturday riding to places twenty miles or more distant, and preaching three or four times on Sunday. "The wisdom and goodness of God," says his biographer, "may be perceived in thus raising up, in the darkest part of Ireland, such an instrument to enlighten the myriads around him who 'sat in the region of the shadow of death,' in the lowest state of moral and spiritual destitution, and fitting him by such extraordinary gifts for the work for which he sent him forth; a work which had been, alas! long neglected and forgotten by the Christian world—the preaching to the people of Ireland, in their own tongue, 'the unsearchable riches of Christ.'"

Graham and Ouseley usually traveled together in their missionary adventures, and stirring scenes were witnessed by them in the fields, the market-places, and the fairs, where they usually preached sitting on horseback, sometimes amid showers of stones, potatoes, rotten eggs, and bludgeons; at others amid weeping and praying multitudes. A preacher who witnessed their labors wrote to Coke: "The mighty power of God accompanied their word with such demonstrative evidence as I have never known, or, indeed, rarely heard of. I have been present in fairs and markets while these two blessed men of God, with burning zeal and apostolic ardor, pointed hundreds and thousands to the Lamb of God that taketh away the sin of the world. And I have seen the immediate fruit of their labor: the aged and the young falling prostrate in the most public places of concourse, cut to the heart, and refusing to be comforted till they knew Jesus and the power of his resurrection. I have known scores of these poor penitents to stand up and witness a good confession; and, blessed be God! hundreds of them now adorn the Gospel of Christ Jesus. These two men have been the most indefatigable in their labors of love to perishing sinners of any that I have yet known. From four to six hours they would preach, exhort, and pray; and next day, perhaps, ride a journey, and encounter the same difficulties."

They went immediately into the worst moral fields of the country—not to the circuits occupied

by their brethren, but to the darkest and strongest holds of Popery. They appeared in the localities of the late Rebellion, and it is recorded that the rocks and glens, which had resounded with the clamor of arms and the roar of cannon, now echoed the joyful sound of the Gospel; that in the streets which had flowed with blood, the villages which had been devastated by tumults and carnage, were now assembled tattered and famished thousands, listening, some with bigoted gaze, others with tears, all with curious astonishment, to the strange men who, sitting on their horses, were crying aloud, "Ho, every one that thirsteth, come ye to the waters; and he that hath no money, come ye, and buy and eat; yea, come, buy wine and milk without money and without price!" Their message delivered in one town, they hastened forward to another, preaching often three, four, or five times a day. As they spoke in the open air, seldom dismounting their horses, they wore black skull-caps for protection against the atmosphere. These became a sort of badge, and they were soon known throughout the country as the "preaching black caps." On entering a town, the Bible in hand, and their hats off, processions of the people followed them to some convenient place, where, turning the heads of their horses toward the gathering multitudes, they sang a translation of one of Charles Wesley's hymns. The characteristic pathos of the lyric, and perhaps still more the pathos of the language, touched the hearts of the rude crowds, and their tears were often flowing before the prayer was begun. The brief but fervent supplication was so uttered that all heard it, some standing and crossing themselves, some on their knees, smiting on their breasts. It echoed down the neighboring streets, and through the habitations, the inmates of which were startled at the unwonted sound of public prayer in their native speech, and ran out to swell the assembly. One of the missionaries, proclaiming a text in both English and Irish, preached a short but powerful sermon; the other followed with an exhortation. Their discourses were mostly in Irish, but were often interspersed with English passages, urgent appeals to such of the crowd as understood only English. They frequently illustrated their sermons by hymns in Irish, which they sung, while the multitude sobbed aloud or moved to and fro, awayed by the simple music. The scenes usually presented by these vast assemblies were characteristically Irish. While some of the hearers were weeping, others on their knees calling upon the Virgin and the saints, some were shouting questions or defiance to the preachers, others throwing sticks or stones at them, some rolling up their sleeves in defense of, others in hostility to

them; and not unfrequently a genuine Hibernian riot ensued, the parties rushing pell-mell upon each other, roaring, brandishing shillelahs, and brought to order at last only by the intervention of troops from the barracks. Whatever doubts such occasional tumults might suggest respecting the expediency of the mission, they were borne down by its triumphant results. The Gospel was at last heard by the Irish masses. How otherwise, Ouseley continually and unanswerably asked, can they be reached? They will not come to your Protestant Churches; they believe it a sin to do so; their priests will not allow them to go. Shall they be left to perish? You can not conduct your elections, or, in many instances, administer the laws among these people without tumult; do you argue that government, therefore, should be abandoned? Shall not the administrators of the Gospel have courage to confront the indignities and perils which the magistrates face? It was seen too, that, with the occasional disorders, incalculable good was done. Not only scores, not only hundreds, but thousands of the wretched population were converted and brought into the Protestant Churches. These brave itinerants were evidently taking the monster evil of the land by the horns. They were doing what Protestantism had hitherto failed to do. Protestants generally began to see that there was no alternative, if Popery was ever to be conquered. Many of the clergy of the Establishment, therefore, took sides with them, and welcomed them to their parishes; and in the occasional mobs, Protestants of all denominations stood faithfully around them. Their dead fellow-laborer, M'Quigg, was still abroad with them in his Irish editions of the Bible. Thousands of copies were scattered among the Papists. Ouseley wrote an able volume, entitled "Old Christianity and Papal Novelties," and it was circulated every-where. The priests could not refute its conclusive arguments, for its author was an educated man, and was an adept in the controversy. Many Popish laymen, Popish schoolmasters, and even candidates for the priesthood, were converted by it, and not a few such converts became preachers in the Conference or in the Established Church. Besides, Ouseley was an Irish gentleman. His family was influential. His father sided with him, for one of the converts of the son, becoming a preacher, had been instrumental in the conversion of the aged squire himself. The wonderful missionary had, therefore, a prestige which commanded respect among his countrymen. Without bravado, he was evidently a heroic man, and courage irresistibly commands admiration. Not one in ten thousand would dare to do what he was doing. While, as a well-bred man, he was fitted for the better circles of Irish

life, he had an extraordinary ability to adapt himself to the common people. He was not only eloquent in the use of their vernacular tongue, but understood their prejudices, and shared their characteristic humor. In his public discourses he could not be surprised or embarrassed by their interpellations or wit. He would hold colloquies with them in the course of his sermons, and with so much adroitness or good humor as to extort their concession, or to compel the interlocutor to slink away abashed into the crowd. His sincere reverence for "the blessed Virgin" procured him, it is said, many a respectful hearing. Allusions in his sermons to her and the Scripture saints, often secured reverent attention, without compromising his Protestantism. His Papist hearers were seldom scandalized at any thing in his services except the omission of the "Hail Mary" after the final prayer; but he parried their objections usually with successful tact. As he was about retiring after one of his services, a hearer shouted, "You have forgotten the 'Hail Mary'; why did n't you say the 'Hail Mary'?" "How dare you speak so disrespectfully of the blessed Virgin!" he replied with much emphasis; "you are very impertinent. How dare you?" a reproof "which seemed to meet with universal approbation." Without provoking the prejudices of his hearers, he nevertheless treated them with a courage and frankness which, while it might seem to challenge their hostility, only challenged their admiration and good humor. In a town filled with Romanists he hired the bellman, as was his custom, to announce through the streets preaching for the evening. The man, afraid of opposition, uttered the announcement timidly and indistinctly. Ouseley, passing in the street, heard him, and taking the bell, rang it himself, proclaiming aloud: "This is to give you notice that Gideon Ouseley, the Irish missionary, is to preach this evening in such a place and at such an hour. *And I am the man myself!*"

## WILLIAM HAMILTON.

The mission, encouraged by the Protestant community, notwithstanding its startling incidents and formidable difficulties, gained strength continually. The Conference saw that it was opening a new and grand field of evangelization before them, and gave it their heartiest interest. Ouseley and Graham, who had traversed the whole land together for six years with marvelous success, were sent into separate fields. William Hamilton, one of the leading members of the Conference, was appointed the colleague of Ouseley. He was the first preacher who had encouraged Ouseley's extraordinary plan of labor, inducing the Conference to sanction it, and to enroll

the missionary on their Minutes. Hamilton had superior talents; he was an effective preacher, singularly calm himself, but as singularly powerful over the passions of his hearers. His thoughts were original and often humorous; his arguments ingenious and irresistible; his style simple; the effect of his discourses sometimes magical. He worked with his might. Ouseley declared that he "never saw a more indefatigable laborer." After being ten years in the mission, he speaks with a just exultation of its hardships and its success. Never, he says, has he had sounder sleep than after preaching three or four times during the day on horseback, amid noisy thousands of Papists, some weeping, others shouting menaces. And this sweet sleep was often in habitations which were less comfortable than those that entertained even the American frontier itinerants. The narrow kitchen was sometimes the cow-house, preaching house, dining room, and bedchamber. If there was a separate bedroom, he had to "pick his steps going to bed, for the wet." The "dog would come through the hole of the wall," and lie down beyond him, while the sow and her litter lay beneath the bed. "But," he adds, "the blessing of God was with us; the conversion of many of the Papists made up for all our troubles."

Andrew Taylor, who, like George Taylor, had suffered bravely at Wexford, in the late Rebellion, was added to the band of missionaries. He could not speak the Irish language, but did good service, especially in the most memorable localities of the Rebellion, for his perils and courage had given him a prestige which commanded the popular interest. When a prisoner, the rebel captains had liberated him five or six times, for they admired his courage and frankness. "Who are you?" he was asked by a pikeman. To have replied that he was a Protestant would have been hazardous; to have acknowledged himself a Methodist would have been still more dangerous; to confess himself a Methodist preacher was an extreme peril; but to deny either would be false. "I am a Methodist preacher," he exclaimed. "Ay," responded the rebel, struck with reverence at his intrepidity, "you would n't tell a lie," and turned away. He was at last taken and led out to execution; his escape from death on the "Bloody Bridge" seemed a miracle. The fame of his heroism spread generally; "he was everywhere received as an angel of God, and his ministry is said to have been "in demonstration of the Spirit and with power."

Additions were rapidly made to the missionary corps. In 1826 there were no less than twenty-one men designated to this irregular work. The Missionary Report of that year testifies that they

had much direct success, and were diffusing the Holy Scriptures "through a considerable part of the population." Small societies were "raised up in various places, which were as lights of example and doctrine in the surrounding darkness." Meanwhile the circuits and other Protestant Churches, including the Establishment, received frequent reinforcements from Popery through the instrumentality of the missionaries. So important has this scheme of labor been found, that in our day nearly one-fourth of the effective preachers of the Irish Conference are "Irish missionaries."

The field has always been a difficult one; few others, in any civilized nation, have presented more formidable discouragements; but the evangelists have shown invincible perseverance. And those great moral changes which in our day have been redeeming Ireland, and by which she has not only nearly ceased to be Papal, by a majority of her population, but has become the scene of surprising religious awakenings, are largely indebted to the persistent struggles of her Wesleyan itinerant missionaries, to M'Quigg's Bible, and Ouseley's apostleship of forty years. The biographer of the latter, himself personally active in the religious progress of his country for many years, ascribes, in no small degree, "the present state of religious society in Ireland to the unwearied exertions of this distinguished man, 'who fought the battles orally and with his pen, when others were yet supine.'" Ouseley anticipated most of those means of evangelization which have, in later years, been used so successfully by the Protestant bodies of the island. Not only did he and M'Quigg scatter the vernacular Scriptures among the Papist masses, but he gave them the most successful popular treatises on the errors of Popery. He suggested the plan of Bible readers, which has become one of the most effective means of spreading Protestantism. He sketched the scheme, urged it on the attention of the Missionary Committee, and pledged from his own resources £50 a year for its support. Ten persons were employed to travel among the Papist villages, and "instruct the people out of the Scriptures in the first principles of religion." Mission schools were also established on a large scale, and as the teachers were mostly exhorters or local preachers, they at last superseded the "Bible readers," by doing the work of the latter more effectively. His plans were so successful that "generally he was hailed by the nobility, clergy, and gentry, and encouraged in his important labors." By the coöperation of other Protestant Churches, combined in the "Irish Society" for the evangelization of the county, extraordinary results were witnessed in many places. A "sin-

gular movement" occurred in the district of Kings Court, where the peasantry had been reading, or hearing read, the vernacular Scriptures. A number of the Papal masters and pupils of the schools passed resolutions declaring, over their signatures, in behalf of themselves and five thousand of their adult brethren, their determination to favor the reading of the Scriptures in their own tongue, believing "that they are the source of all spiritual knowledge, and the proper basis of all moral instruction," and that "the want of them in their native language has been to them and their forefathers, for a long period, the greatest evil." Another paper, signed by more than three thousand Papists, from five neighboring counties, was afterward published, asserting that the "Irish peasantry are most anxious for Scriptural knowledge for themselves and their children; and that there are thousands of Roman Catholics who, from sincere love for Scriptural education, in defiance of every species of hostility, continue to send their children to Bible schools." Still later it was announced that forty thousand persons at least were being taught to read the Irish Scriptures in this district, and more than double that number were constantly hearing them in the cabin. The numerous instances of the renunciation of Popery interested the public attention of the whole nation. In some counties they were reported by the hundred at a time. "There appears," wrote Ouseley, "to be a movement of men's minds, in some degree, all over the country." Through ever-recurring opposition, this movement has continued to advance, and it is hardly now a contingent calculation that Ireland, after so many struggles and sufferings, will yet, and before many years, be one of the most fertile fields of Protestant Christianity. In that day Ouseley, M'Quigg, Graham, Hamilton, Taylor, and their fellow-laborers will not fail to be recognized as among the chief apostles of Irish evangelization.

Such labors, together with the hardly less energetic exertions of the regular circuit preachers, would have rendered Methodism mighty in the island, had it not been for continual emigration to the New World. The Irish itinerants were virtually laboring for American Methodism. While they were thus doing good service to the common cause of the denomination, their own Conference suffered severely. The returns of their members of society often showed, in prosperous years, a decrease of thousands. In fifteen years, from 1824 to 1839, no less than ten thousand left the country. Entire societies and congregations have sometimes been thus dissolved. Hosts of their converts were in this manner transferred to their American brethren, and their



financial resources were almost constantly embarrassed by the loss.

When we consider the peculiar difficulties of their field of labor, the poverty of their societies, the formidable barbarism which Popery had imposed upon the Celtic population, the popular tumults and rebellion, the wretched accommodations of the itinerants, and the continual drain upon their congregations by foreign emigration, and yet their persistent labors and success, it may indeed be doubted whether Methodism has afforded any where else a more notable example of its energy than that of the Irish Conference; and its blessings, not only to America, but to the Wesleyan Foreign Missions, and to England itself, in the gift of many eminent preachers, entitle it to the grateful admiration of the whole Methodist world.

#### DEATHS OF PREACHERS.

Some of its early ministerial heroes still linger, and will afford subjects of no little interest to the future Methodist historian; but most of them have gone to their eternal reward. Charles Graham, after traveling as a missionary nearly thirty-four years, was riding to one of his appointments near Athlone, a gray-headed veteran of seventy-four years, when he fell forward on his horse's neck by sudden illness; he was conveyed back to his home and died in the victory of faith, April 23, 1824. "His powerful appeals to his street congregations were," say his brethren, "pathetic, and sometimes overwhelming; the multitudes heard, trembled, and fell before him."

William Hamilton broke down in the labors of the mission. In 1816 he was compelled to retire from active service, but he continued to be a conspicuous representative of the Church. He died on the 8th of October, 1843, in the eighty-second year of his age, and the fifty-sixth of his ministry. The end of his long and useful career was triumphant. "If I could shout," he exclaimed, "so that the world might hear, I would tell of the goodness and love of God, my Savior. Not a cloud! not a cloud! Victory over death! The sting is taken away; glory, glory to God!"

Ouseley continued his heroic warfare to the last. When seventy-four years old he was still abroad on the highways and in the market-places, as actively as ever, preaching fourteen, sixteen, and sometimes twenty sermons a week. In the last year of his life he was several times prostrated by sickness, but rallying his remaining energies, he went forth again and again to his missionary labors. On the 8th of April, 1839, he finished his ministry at Mountmellick, where he that day preached three times, once in the street. He returned to Dublin, where he lay down on

his death-bed, a victor crowned with a triumphant end. "I have no fear of death; the Spirit of God sustains me; God's Spirit is my support!" was his dying exclamation. He departed to heaven on the 14th of May, 1839, in the seventy-eighth year of his age. It was the hundredth year of Methodism, and he was a noble proof that its heroic period still continued. "He was," say the English Minutes, "the most distinguished, efficient, and successful Irish missionary ever employed by our religious community. He labored with a devotion and earnestness worthy of the first and purest ages of the Christian Church; and to an extent never, perhaps, surpassed, and seldom equaled." Gideon Ouseley will be forever recognized as the Protestant apostle of Ireland; it is hardly too much to affirm that no one man has, directly and indirectly, done more for her deliverance from the stupendous burden of superstition under which Popery has crushed her, more, perhaps, than it has any other land.

The obituary of the early Irish Methodist ministry records many other names scarcely less notable. James Morgan, the biographer of Thomas Walsh, a man of profound piety; Richard Boardman, one of the first preachers sent to America; Andrew Blair, a man "eminently useful," who, after a laborious life, and after lying ten weeks in one position, suffering intensely, died exclaiming, as his last words, "Let the name of the Lord be magnified! Glory be to God! Amen!" James M'Mullen, who, after laboring extensively at home, went as a missionary to Gibraltar, where he and his wife fell victims to an epidemic fever, both "dying in the full triumph of faith; William Robertson, who departed declaring, "There is a blessed reality in religion; O, the inexpressible sweetness I find in Christ! Tell my friends I am going to heaven!" William Peacock, one of Ouseley's faithful missionaries, who, being driven from his bed at night by a mob, lay for hours in the wet grass, and was subject afterward to spasms, in one of which he departed to his reward; Thomas Edwards, who, after about twenty years of arduous labor, died, saying, "I have fought a good fight; I am saved by grace;" John M'Adam, another missionary, who "praised God, and continued rejoicing and exhorting on his dying bed with little intermission for nearly forty-eight hours," and whose last words were, "Glory! glory!" Thomas Johnston, who, after twenty years of labor, took a malignant fever from the sick to whom he ministered, and "died in the full assurance of faith;" John Price, who labored half a century, and enjoyed, with little interruption for fifty years, the full assurance of hope, and who, after walking five miles to one of his appointments "with the pains of

death upon him," had the assembling people called to his bed, raised himself up, and shaking each by the hand, gave them his blessing, and fell asleep in Christ; George Brown, who "walked in the light of the Lord, witnessing that the blood of Christ cleanseth from all sin," during forty-three years, and during thirty-two years "preached the whole truth as it is in Jesus, living as he preached;" Samuel Steele, a man of rare abilities, who traveled thirty-four years, and whose "departure was triumphant;" John Hamilton, who in a ministry of thirty-one years was instrumental in the conversion of hundreds of his countrymen in the most benighted parts of Ireland; James Magee, who did important service for nineteen years; Walter Griffith, a man of deep piety and strong abilities, who, after sustaining the most important responsibilities of the Conference many years, died shouting, "Glory! glory! glory! I have gained the victory through the blood of the Lamb!" Thomas Barber, who guided Adam Clarke's earliest religious course, a man of agreeable eccentricities, indefatigable energy, and great success; "ceaseless in prayer, visiting from house to house, meeting the classes in every place; in a word, instant in season and out of season," and a member of the Conference for nearly fifty years; Matthew Lanktree, fifty-five years in the ministry, and whose published memoirs are almost a history of his Conference; Matthew Tobias, forty-three years a prominent laborer; William Stewart, a veteran of commanding abilities; and scores of others, some of whom have been noticed in this history, but many of whom have necessarily been precluded by its limits. A cautious historical authority of Methodism does not hesitate to attribute to them "the preservation and revival of Protestantism" in Ireland. "For many years," he says, "they stood almost alone and unfriended in their generous endeavors to rescue the Irish people from the hateful and degrading tyranny of a wicked and rapacious priesthood, who destroyed souls for the sake of dishonest gain and of secular ambition. These upright and devoted men have meekly endured bitter privations and opposition; but their judgment is with the Lord, and their work with their God."

Irishmen have warred a good warfare, and died triumphantly in almost every important Methodist field of the world. They founded the denomination, or helped to found it, in the United States of America, in the British North American Provinces, in the West Indies, in Australia, in Africa, and in India; and they sleep in missionary graves, awaiting the resurrection trumpet, in nearly all parts of the globe to which Methodism has borne the Cross.

### TO A FRIEND.

BY MARY L. CLOUGH.

You bid me remember the days that are past,  
And look back to the dim far away—  
The dim far away that is coffin'd fast  
In the lapse of years, and life's sadder day,  
And the shroud of a broken heart.  
And spite of my will that I've tutored so long,  
Sweet memories come like the flow of tears,  
Of well-known faces, and fragments of song,  
And music that chimes through the hall of years  
Like the jingle of silver bells.  
And the breezes of June, and the breath of flowers,  
And the old brook's babbling swell,  
And vows that were whispered in moonlit bowers,  
And the books and the poems he loved so well,  
And a tune from an old guitar.  
In memory's hall is a chamber there  
That is shrouded and curtain'd with sighs;  
There's a worn-out poem, and tress of hair,  
And a lovely fragment of ether skies,  
And quivering song unsung;  
There's a broken harp, and a lute without strings,  
And faded smiles, and a laugh grown chill,  
And gayly-penned sonnets, and pieces of rings  
And a dash of spray from a mountain rill,  
And a bunch of withered flowers.  
There's a heart melody stopp'd in the first wild burst,  
And a tattered verse with a melting rhyme  
Unsung, unwhispered, save when at first  
I've wandered amid the clover and thyme,  
On that well-remembered day.  
And the world knows not of the chamber there,  
Encurtain'd in sighs and a fall of tears,  
And crown'd with hopeless, dark despair,  
And buried deep 'mid the gone-by years  
Of the dim, the long ago.

### APPLE BLOSSOMS.

BY ELIHU MASON MORSE.

APPLE blossoms, beauteous blossoms,  
Sweetest blossoms of the Spring—  
Lovely are the apple blossoms,  
Fragrant are the apple blossoms,  
Beauteous the apple blossoms,  
Blooming, smiling in the Spring.  
Dear to me are apple blossoms,  
Sweetly blooming in the Spring;  
Apple blossoms in a basket;  
Apple blossoms newly gathered—  
Gathered by a sweeter blossom  
Than the blossoms of the Spring.  
Beautiful is gentle blossom,  
Beautiful in blooming Spring;  
Blossom sweeter than the apple  
Blossom purer than the lily;  
Blossom loveliest of blossoms,  
Blossoming in bloomy Spring.

## MADELINE HASCALL'S LETTERS.

BY MRS. M. C. GARDNER.

TRELLESTON, JULY 24, 18—.

DEAR PAUL,—I have not a word to say in reply to your regrets in regard to our separation. That is a dish of your own getting up, and you must enjoy it as well as you can. The desire for riches has never yet troubled me; and while I am, I trust, truly grateful for the snug little independence that my grandfather secured to us, I shall never make the acquisition of gold the first object in life. I have been thinking on the subject all this morning, and would like to fill a couple of sheets with my reflections and conclusions, but I know you prefer to hear the news.

Have you had any warm weather? Any flies or musketoes? The last week has been very hot here, and we had a smart thunder-shower nearly every evening, which kept me in mortal terror as usual. But on Friday the air became clear and cool, and just bracing enough to be enjoyable. May came in soon after breakfast and proposed that we should spend the day in the grove on the bank of the river.

"It is so clear and beautiful out of doors," she said, "that it seems a positive shame to be hived up in the house. We will carry a lunch and make a day of it." And May began to sing a parody of her own manufacture, the burden of which was,

"We won't go home till evening,  
Till moonlight doth appear."

"You forget, Mrs. Leslie," said considerate aunt Lucy, "that Madeline is lame."

"No I do n't. We will have the wheeled chair out for the occasion. Nero can draw and I will push it behind, and she can walk a part of the way, can't you, Maddie? I am so lonesome at home, I can't and won't stay there. I wish Tom had some business that did not call him away from home."

"Uncle wants to hire a man to chop his wood and do chores generally."

"Pooh! nonsense! Do put on your hat and call Nero. You need not look so dismal. There will not be the least trouble in getting there. We have plenty of time and nobody to hurry us."

"As Tom does."

"Talk of your own stray Benedick, if you please. See, we will take this thick shawl, aunt, lest Maddie should be cold. We shall have a capital time, and be rid of the Poole race for an hour, which will be a relief worth walking to New Haven for."

There was no use in trying to resist her coax-

ing, so I was soon ready. Uncle Thaddeus came out of his study and insisted on taking Nero's place as pony, and aunt Lucy promised to come with him to join us in the afternoon.

The grove is scarcely a quarter of a mile from the parsonage, and in full view from my window, but I have been so crippled by my lame ankle that it seemed rather a venturesome expedition. May laughed merrily at my forebodings, but that did not reassure me, and I was only too glad to have uncle Thaddeus go with us.

We had scarcely got out of our own gate when we were joined by Nancy Poole, who came, she graciously informed us, on purpose to accompany us. Did she know where we were going? No; but it did n't matter, she was ready to go any where. May and I exchanged rather dubious looks, and uncle, who detected a roguish threatening under our glances of disappointment, started off with such speed that he nearly overset me against a hitching post that came in our way. It soon appeared that Miss Nancy was out partly in pursuit of knowledge.

"I thought till yesterday, Mr. Morton," she began, "that you were a Methodist clergyman."

"You thought right."

"But you do not itinerate. You have been here five years, Miss Brown told me."

"Not as a preacher. When I first came here I was unable to preach, and only held meetings occasionally. Latterly, we have been able to have regular Sabbath services."

"Do you contemplate again joining the Conference, sir?"

"No. I shall remain a local preacher. I shall never be well enough to sustain heavy pastoral duties. Besides, this place suits me and presents many opportunities for usefulness."

"I suppose the people are like other societies and are fond of change."

"Very probably. But as they are too poor to support *any* preacher, I think they will be contented awhile longer with my ministrations."

Miss Nancy was not yet quite satisfied. "I suppose you do not own the parsonage?"

"No. It was given to the society by an old gentleman who died before I came here."

"Are you obliged to pay any rent?"

"Not obliged to pay; but I prefer doing so."

"Have you any children, sir?"

"None. My dear Miss Poole, have you been commissioned to take the census of this village?"

"No, sir. What a question! Why do you ask?"

"Because I could aid you by giving you an introduction to the different families. But here is the grove, girls. I will place Maddie's chair so as to command a view of the river, and then I must hurry home to my work."

He bade us good morning and ran down the shady path with the buoyant agility of a youngster of sixteen. "I suppose he is *really* in poor health," said Miss Nancy doubtfully, as she watched his rapid progress. No one condescending to reply, she seated herself on a smooth stone close to my elbow, to which I had been beckoning May.

It was a glorious day. One of those cool, delicious intervals that are so refreshing when vouchsafed to us amid the sultry heats of Summer. Just such a day, Paul, as that on which we took that never-to-be-forgotten ride to Rocky Nook—do you remember?—when the tide came in and imprisoned us among the rocks, and you took advantage of my alarm to find out—something you wanted to know; when you promised that our two interests should become one and indivisible; that we twain should become one; that one home, one heart, one happiness, one undivided life should be ours henceforth and forever more. And I, like a silly goose, believed every word of it. Does n't your conscience prick you when you remember how soon the desire for gold came creeping into our little paradise? I know just how you would reply to me. There's no use in repeating all that stale stuff about making provision for possible misfortune and old age. Nobody knows that either of us will live to be old, and the present, the glorious, beautiful present, with all its freshness and sweetness, is thrown away for a chimera, or, at most, a possible good.

After uncle left us I sat thinking of this, and watching the eddying current of the river. Its restless motion was to me but another image of the hurry of human life. May is seldom still long at a time, but she seemed to share my mood, and we sat a long time in silence, dreamily conscious of the pleasant breeze and beautiful prospect. A deep-drawn sigh from May at last aroused me, and I turned just in time to catch the passing shadow on her face.

"What is it, May?" I asked.

"I wish Tom was here. It is a little lonesome when he is away."

"And he has been gone—let me think—two whole days, May. How have you existed?"

"Do n't laugh, please. It is just as bad while it lasts as if it were two years. You can't get but one hour at a time of Mr. Hascall's absence."

"But if he were coming to-morrow, May?"

"It would be worse still. You would only exchange your present calm for a state of nervous dread and horror, lest some mischance should prevent his coming."

"Do you think so? I have so longed for the day to come when I could say, 'He will be here to-morrow.'"

"You might as well long for neuralgia."

I shook my head doubtfully. I thought I should be willing to accept the anxiety that had so sweet a reward in prospect.

"O, what a restless, weary, troubled day it will be!" she went on. "I hope, dear Madeline, that your husband will have wit enough to return unexpectedly."

I suppose I should have made some doleful response to this, for I felt any thing but inspired by my sense of half-widowhood, but just then I happened to look at Nancy Poole, who was winking with all her might to start the sympathetic water from her eyes. She reminded me of an old pump in uncle's back yard that has got a weak spot somewhere, and has to be worked awhile before it can be made available. I burst into a loud laugh, in which May joined without knowing why. Miss Nancy turned her back upon us in disgust, and busied herself over a sketch book that she took from her pocket. May whispered that a view of the river in water colors, by Miss Nancy Poole, would be a triumph of hydropathic genius. We talked in a low tone so as not to disturb her studies, but I am sure she heard all we said.

There were many farm-houses and pretty cottages in view, and we pictured to ourselves the comforts and pleasures of each unknown household. We gave imaginary occupants and fanciful employments to each, and drew out each other's inventive power till we astonished ourselves and scandalized Miss Nancy, who evidently thought we were telling lies on a large scale. At last we came to a handsome white house near the church, and there we both hesitated.

"Dr. Haughton lives there," I said.

"I can tell you all about those people," interposed Miss Nancy, shutting her book spitefully, and suddenly wheeling around to face us.

"Perhaps you have noticed a poor, round-shouldered woman who comes to our house quite often; nearly every evening, in fact."

"Wears a brown bonnet and blue shawl?"

"Yes, Mrs. Leslie. Well, she lives there, if it can be called living to stay with such aristocratic, important people." Here the amiable speaker drew a sigh from the very bottom of her shoes.

"Hired girl?" interrogated May.

"No; not hired or paid either. The poor thing has had fits and has no friends, and must have gone to the poor-house long ago if Mrs. Haughton had n't taken her in. She knew that she could make her answer her purpose as well as a paid servant, and get up a reputation for charity besides."

"Indeed!"

"The poor thing is worked far beyond her



strength. She is so weak that she has to lean over a chair to cough. She has the consumption and spine complaint."

"Possible?"

"They belong to the Church, Mrs. Hascall. She, also, is a member. I always think of Mrs. Haughton when Mr. Morton's sermons cut. I wish he would preach one expressly for her. Perhaps you have noticed the poor woman in the Doctor's pew."

"Yes, I observe her every Sabbath. She does not look unhealthy, and I am sure her cough is not a church-yard one. By the side of Mrs. Haughton she looks well and hearty. Mrs. Haughton, May, is that pale, sweet-looking lady, to whom aunt introduced you last Sunday. She is a most lovely, estimable woman. Aunt Lucy says she is a great invalid, a constant sufferer, but her gentle patience and cheerfulness make you forget it."

"Your aunt Lucy sees only one side," said Miss Nancy, snappishly; "she does not know every thing."

"Do you mean to tell us that Mrs. Haughton abuses that woman?" asked May. "Because no body could believe it."

"O, no. I have nothing to say about it. But I do so pity the poor creature. No friends, no real home, no claim on any body; nobody to go to in sickness and trouble. And she gets so little sympathy," added Miss Nancy, with her face all afloat. "It is enough to melt a stone to hear her pitiful story. She has lost a husband and a child, and what relatives she has are all against her. She has lived in ten different places, and after all, has n't a friend in the world. She has been abused every-where."

"Does she pretend to be ill-used where she is now?"

"Not exactly; but we understand it very well. She says all her former trials were nothing compared with the present. She says she really loves Mrs. Haughton, and that makes her troubles more cutting. I pity her so that I could do any thing for her."

"She dresses well," said May.

"As well as Mrs. Haughton herself," I added. "She had on a nice black silk last Sabbath. Where does she get her clothes?"

"Well, ahem! I believe Mrs. Haughton clothes her. It is for her own credit to do that."

"She is well fed," I put in; "her great fat cheeks show so much. Not exactly consumptive that. And she has plenty of leisure. She is out walking very often. It is rather a long walk to your house for one who is suffering from spinal disease. What would you have Mrs. Haughton do for her?"

"I? O, I have nothing to do with it. Of course I can't help pitying her, she is so unfortunate. It is my nature to share the woes of others. I often wish I could do something for her."

"You might offer her a home," suggested May, with a sly glance at me. "A home where she could be sure of such sympathy for her trials, would be better to her than gold. And apart from the question of duty, what happiness you would experience in succoring and soothing her!"

Ah, Paul, you should have seen her open her eyes and dry up her tears.

"Bless you, Mrs. Leslie!" she exclaimed, "I could n't think of such a thing. My goodness! what a scheme!"

"I thought you wanted to help her," said May. "You will pardon my mistake."

"I am willing to do any thing reasonable," she replied; "but there's no use in discussing impossibilities."

"I suppose she has no money if she does not work for wages," said I.

"Very little, if any. Like many other people, she sometimes has spent money without getting much benefit in return; and instead of pitying this unfortunate peculiarity, Mrs. Haughton sees that she has what she needs without fingering the money. Every thing, even to pins of different sizes, is found for her. The smallest article of her wardrobe is attended to, and all made of good stuff, too, so as to leave her no excuse to ask for money. They even provide that costly rose dressing for her hair, such as Mrs. Haughton uses herself. They seem to forget nothing. It must be exceedingly aggravating," said Miss Nancy, pulling out her handkerchief, and putting the pump in motion.

"To be sure it is," I answered so gravely that May started and looked up anxiously. "Poor woman! With every want supplied, a comfortable home, good clothes, good food, plenty of leisure, and no money! Something must be done for her. May, dear, can't you suggest something? I am so struck with her desolate condition that I am incapable of planning any relief."

"We will make up a purse for her, Maddie. You shall contribute first, Miss Nancy, because your sympathy will make you liberal, and we will give an equal sum," answered May with a merry twinkle in her eye.

"I will agree to give twice the amount, Miss Nancy," I responded. "The woman has as much real claim on us as she has on Mrs. Haughton, and it would be no more than right for us to pay something every week toward her expenses. Here is the paper, Miss Nancy. It is the back of a letter, but it will be large enough for this

morning; I will prepare a blank book when I go home. May, let Miss Nancy take your pencil." But Miss Nancy had been busily tying the strings of her bonnet, and now she got up, and after hesitating and stammering a few indistinct words, she finally muttered something about being expected home to dinner, and took herself off just as uncle and aunt came to join us.

I never saw gentle aunt Lucy so indignant as she was after listening to our account of Miss Nancy's story.

"I often think," she said, "that the poor, foolish woman is not half so much to blame as those who draw her out and pretend to pity her. To excite pity she seems to be willing to fabricate any sort of a story."

"Does Mrs. Haughton know how she slanders her?"

"No; she knows she sometimes circulates false reports, but she thinks she has no wrong meaning. She fancies that her mental weakness prevents her seeing things correctly; that she views every thing at times through a perverted medium, and really does not intend to tell falsehoods."

"What do *you* think, auntie?"

"I think she has a false heart as well as a weak head. She manifests a great deal of low cunning, and Mrs. Haughton believes that, at heart, she is really devoted to her. If I did not know that 'the good Lord is over all,' I should wonder that Mrs. Haughton's friends here have not been alienated from her by the constant slanders that they must hear. I do wish she would not give her so much leisure to gad about and tattle. I can scarcely conceive a meaner position than that occupied by her listeners." Aunt Lucy was so unusually excited that we all exerted ourselves to start some pleasanter theme of conversation.

Uncle Thaddeus called us to admire some fine specimens of moss that were growing on the low rocks. They were of many colors, and as beautiful in their way as beds of flowers.

"They have a beauty for me," remarked uncle, "that I do not find elsewhere. It is their constancy. They are not fading away while you are admiring them. I often come here in the Winter when the trees are leafless, and find the rugged rocks still robed in beauty. A little further up the river is a rock that juts over the bank, which is quite covered with lichens. When you are strong, Madeline, we will visit it. Every hue of the rainbow is seen on it. There are starry spots gleaming like silver, framed with purple and orange, blended like the same dyes in an Autumn sunset. I like to see gravestones covered with lichens. Their clinging nature seems such a loving tribute to the departed. Their changeless loveliness teaches a lesson of immortality. I al-

ways replace the moss after lifting it to read the inscription of an old headstone."

From the lichens, by some strange association, uncle passed to the insect world, and so expatiated upon the beauty and fitness of all God's creation, that May and I were insensibly led, first to examine, and then to admire, an abominable black spider who had woven her nest in a fissure of the rock. Ugh! I have quite got over my enthusiasm, and have just killed two of its relations with a relish.

The afternoon wore cheerily away, and we left the pleasant grove with some regret. May soon forgot hers, for we met her husband before we reached home. "Ah, is it not capital," she whispered meaningly, "to have an absent friend return *unexpectedly*?" I hope you will do the same, only be sure to come soon.

MADELINE.

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### MURIEL.

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BY LUELLA CLARK.

STILL art thou with us in unchanging childhood,

On all our paths thy tiny footsteps fall,  
Though faint as breath of bird in hidden wildwood,  
O sweet, blind Muriel, dearest one of all!

Thy gentle presence greets us at our waking—  
The noon's slow hours thy ministries beguile;  
And ever, on the dusky twilight breaking,  
We trace the tender radiance of thy smile.

Thy spirit beams where hands unseen are strowing,  
With bursting blooms, the meadow lands of May;  
And, through the gray glooms of November glowing,  
Sheds luster over all the drear decay.

We know that yonder, on the unclouded mountains,  
Thine eyes are opened, Muriel, and that now  
The light that gilds Elysium's fairest fountains  
Is softly rippling round thy radiant brow.

Yet dost thou linger here where, faint and weary,  
Thy darkling footsteps strayed with ours so long  
Lifting our souls above these pathways dreary,  
Teaching dumb lips to gladden into song.

O lustrous eyes that will not fade or falter!  
O Muriel! Muriel! with thy fair, young face!  
O beauteous form that time can never alter!  
O sad hearts yearning for one sweet embrace!

Thy beauty bends above our earthly sorrow—  
The ever-radiant promise of our peace—  
Pledge, in our pain, of an unmeasured morrow  
When, in still sunshine, all the storm shall cease.

No power thy presence from our souls can sever—  
No grief or gladness, time or tempest wild—  
"Not with us," yet our own, and ours forever,  
Beyond the weeping, doubly still our child.

## HANNAH MORE.

## EDITORIAL.\*

THE early life of Hannah More had been a school of preparation. She now applied herself earnestly to literary labors. The result was a series of works on Christian life and morals, which have contributed in an incalculable measure to elevate the Christian character and teaching in all lands, and entitle their author to a place among the benefactors of mankind.

The first of this series was "Thoughts on the Importance of the Manners of the Great to General Society." We can readily see how completely prepared by experience and observation she was to write such a book. In it the minor morals—or, to coin a word, immorals—of English fashionable society are exposed with an unsparing hand. The work was published anonymously, and was first attributed to Wilberforce, and afterward to the Bishop of London. The work was largely successful. A second edition was soon called for and sold in a week; a third in a few hours. In a few months seven large editions had been published and sold. It was timely, struck deep into the moral convictions of the class for which it was intended, and produced beneficial results.

Its authorship did not long remain a secret. Among other of her literary friends it brought her into conflict with Horace Walpole, who took her to task for exhibiting such "monstrously-severe doctrines." She gives the following account of her encounter with him: "He defended, and that was the joke, religion against me, and said he would do so against the whole bench of bishops—that the fourth commandment was the most amiable and merciful law that was ever promulgated, as it entirely considers the ease and comfort of the hard laboring poor and beasts of burden; but that it was never intended for persons of fashion, who have no occasion for rest, as they never do any thing on the other days; and indeed when the law was made there were no people of fashion. He really pretended to be in earnest, and we parted mutually unconverted; he lamenting that I had fallen into the error of *puritanical* strictness, and I lamenting that he is a person of fashion for whom the Ten Commandments were not made."

Two years later this volume was followed by another having the same general design—"An Estimate of the Religion of the Fashionable World." In 1794 she wrote a series of tales, designed to counteract the effects of the political

tracts of the Jacobins and levelers. They were published in "The Cheap Repository," a monthly, which attained to the astonishing issue of about a million each number. Among these stories was the world-renowned "Shepherd of Salisbury Plain." "Village Politics" was published with the same general object. In addition to these, the principal works of Hannah More were—"Strictures on the Modern System of Female Education," published in 1799; "Hints toward the Formation of the Character of a Young Princess," 1805, written in reference to the education of the Princess Charlotte, on which subject her advice and assistance had been requested by the Queen; "Colebs in Search of a Wife; Comprehending Observations on Domestic Habits and Manners, Religion and Morals," in two volumes, 1809—of which there was a wonderful sale; "Practical Piety, or the Influence of the Religion of the Heart on the Conduct of Life"—two volumes—1811; "Christian Morals"—two volumes—1812; "Essay on the Character and Writings of St. Paul"—two volumes—1815; and "Moral Sketches of Prevailing Opinions and Manners, Foreign and Domestic, with Reflections on Prayer," 1819.

The success of these several works resulted no less from peculiar adaptation to the exigencies of the times than the inherent power of the writer. She seemed, even in her quiet home, to have some instinctive perception of the chord necessary to be touched in the great moving world, and to possess the power of touching that chord in an irresistible manner. Take a single instance. During the closing years of the past century the storms of revolution, which had spread over France, had affected the social and political atmosphere of Great Britain in a fearful degree. Under the guise of fraternity and philosophy sentiments hostile to order, government, and religion were zealously propagated. In the name of "reform" a spirit of anarchy was rising, which endangered the social and religious as well as civil institutions of the country. Clubs were organized and club-meetings constantly held. The mutterings of the approaching storm came up from the workshops of the manufactories, from the fields and the mines, and from the villages and cities of the realm. The very air seemed pregnant with revolution. A sense of insecurity pervaded the hearts of all men. Even the Government itself was at its wits' end. Dr. Paley's "Reasons for Contentment" argued the case well, proved it logically, but fell cold and powerless upon the public heart. Just then "Will Chip" presents himself before the public. He is one of the people, is modest, holds a little tract in his hand—"Village Politics"—and sim-

\* Concluded from page 272.

ply asks—not the great—but *the people* to read. There he stands, in that simple guise, with a simple sling and a few smooth stones in his hand; but with them he smites the fierce Goliath, before whom the stoutest heart was quailing. Bookseller Rivington issues "Village Politics. By Will Chip." People begin to read it. It is not so profound nor so logical as Paley's "Reasons;" but it is skilled in the art of *putting things*. The people see it—feel it. Every body recommends "Village Politics" to every body else. Every one inquires, "Have you read Will Chip?" Bookseller Rivington has his hands full now, and his shop full too. He can not supply the demand for this wonderful—modest, yet all-powerful little work. Bishops christen it, lords bless it, landholders rejoice over it, every body for law and order are thankful for it; it multiplies abundantly; 100,000 copies are circulated through lanes and courts, entering the shops, knocking at the doors, looking out the windows; it speedily makes the circuit of the kingdom; it goes by hosts into Scotland and Ireland; it leaps into France and passes into Italy; it is hawked and peddled; in hall and cottage "Village Politics" is known and read. Never before did a mere tract take so completely by storm the public mind and work in it so thorough a change. The mutterings of the coming storm died away, and the sunshine once more broke forth over the land. What royalty with its overawing majesty; what lords and parliaments; what the profoundest statesmen, philosophers, and divines of the age were unable to effect was accomplished by the *pen*, and *that pen was wielded by a woman*.

The authorship of "Village Politics" could not long remain a secret. Its discovery added largely to the already great reputation of Hannah More.

But the ballads of Hannah More touched the great heart of the English people with a spell as weird and potent as that exercised by her tracts. We must give one of these as an illustration of the felicitous and popular style in which she could present the salient points of the profoundest subject. Man's distrust in the equity of God's providential government is one of the most difficult feelings to uproot—especially when it is pressed home by poverty or misfortune. Yet how completely is this difficult subject treated in one of her ballads called "Turn the Carpet!" No one can read it without having his faith confirmed, and, whether he confesses it or not, becoming more ashamed of envious comparisons and ungrateful murmurs than he ever was before. Dear reader, it will do us good even in this day; let us read it.

## TURN THE CARPET;

OR, THE TWO WEAVERS.

*In a Dialogue between Dick and John.*

As at their work two weavers sat,  
Beguiling time with friendly chat;  
They touch'd upon the price of meat,  
So high, a weaver scarce could eat.

"What with my brats and sickly wife,"  
Quoth Dick, "I'm almost tir'd of life:  
So hard my work, so poor my fare,  
'T is more than mortal man can bear.

How glorious is the rich man's state!  
His house so fine! his wealth so great!  
Heav'n is unjust, you must agree;  
Why all to him? Why none to me?

In spite of what the Scripture teaches,  
In spite of all the parson preaches,  
This world—indeed I've thought so long—  
Is ruled, methinks, extremely wrong.

Where'er I look, howe'er I range,  
'T is all confused, and hard, and strange,  
The good are troubled and oppressed,  
And all the wicked are the bless'd."

Quoth John, "Our ignorance is the cause,  
Why thus we blame our Maker's laws;  
*Parts of his ways* alone we know,  
'T is all that man can see below.

Seest thou that carpet, not half done,  
Which thou, dear Dick, hast well begun?  
Behold the wild confusion there,  
So rude the mass, it makes one stare!

A stranger, ignorant of the trade,  
Would say, no meaning's there convey'd;  
For where's the middle, where's the border?  
Thy carpet now is all disorder!"

Quoth Dick, "My work is yet in bits,  
But still in every part it fits;  
Besides, you reason like a lout,  
Why, man, that carpet's *inside out*!"

Says John, "Thou say'st the thing I mean;  
And now I hope to cure thy spleen;  
This world, which clouds thy soul with doubt,  
Is but a carpet *inside out*.

As when we view these shreds and ends,  
We know not what the whole intends;  
So when on earth things look but odd,  
They're working still some scheme of God.

No plan, no pattern, can we trace,  
All wants proportion, truth, and grace;  
The motley mixture we deride,  
Nor see the beauteous upper side.

But when we reach that world of light,  
And view those works of God aright,  
Then shall we see the whole design,  
And own the workman is divine.

What now seems random strokes, will there  
All order and design appear;



Then shall we praise what here we spurn'd,  
For then the carpet shall be turned."

"Thou'rt right," quoth Dick, "no more I'll grumble  
That this sad world's so strange a jumble;  
My impious doubts are put to flight,  
For my own carpet sets me right."

Apologetically she says, "I did not think of turning ballad-monger in my old age, and I fear the antidotes are not strong enough to expel the poison; but in these alarming times each one must do what he can."

Hannah More was not a mere literary woman. She was a practical philanthropist. She was the intimate friend of Wilberforce, and coöperated with him, to the extent of her ability, in that great reform of public sentiment on the subject of African slavery and the slave-trade, which has already branded the latter as piracy and arraigned the former before the civilized world as contravening the laws of God and the rights of man.

About ten miles distant from Cowslip Green, rose the bold and romantic Cliffs of Cheddar. It was a wild, mountainous, and barren regions. The inhabitants were half savage, living in caves and cabins. They earned a miserable subsistence by selling roots, stalactites, and other mineral productions of the place, to travelers. It was just the place for *home missionary effort*, and Hannah More became the *home missionary*. They had no resident minister, and the curate lived twelve miles distant. She visited the region twelve times before she could obtain the consent of the miserable land-owners and the concurrence of the people for the establishment of a school. Every vexation was encountered patiently, and every obstacle overcome with persistent effort. A suitable house was at length obtained and leased for seven years. In a letter to Wilberforce she says, "As to the mistress for the Sunday school and the religious part, I have employed Mrs. Esterbrook, of whose judgment I have a good opinion. I hope Miss Wilberforce will not be frightened, but I am afraid she must be called a Methodist."

The day was at length fixed for the opening of the school. The people flocked from far and near to witness the scene. Miss More opened it in person. She says, "It was an affecting sight. Several of the grown-up youth had been tried at the late assizes—three were the children of a person lately condemned to be hanged; many thieves, all ignorant, profane, and vicious, beyond belief. Of these banditti we have enlisted one hundred and seventy; and when the clergyman, a hard man, who is also the magistrate, saw these creatures kneeling around us, whom he had seen but to commit or to punish in some way, he burst

into tears. I can do them but little good, I fear, but the grace of God can." This was the beginning of a great work, not only for Cheddar, but for the region round about. No less than thirteen parishes were found equally destitute of religious instruction, and the people demoralized; in some instances, in a still greater degree. Other Christian women were stirred up to follow the example of the Misses More, for "Patty" had become a powerful aid to Hannah. Before the first year of missionary effort closed schools had been established in nine different parishes, and over five hundred scholars had been gathered into the Sabbath schools. To these day schools were now added, and all the appliances for educating and elevating the people were employed.

It was now that the character of this noble Christian woman shone forth with resplendent brightness. She voluntarily withdrew from the circles, whose wit, learning, and elegance must have had strong fascinations for a mind gifted like hers. Her labors and charities among the despised and forsaken were abundant. She usually visited at least three parishes each Sabbath—riding from ten to thirty miles—regulating the teachers and schools—exhorting and praying; and this work she continued upward of twenty years. By her angel ministries many a despairing heart was comforted, many a dark mind illuminated with the truth of God, and many a soul brought to taste of the redeeming love of Christ.

The mere labor, however, was but a small portion of the endurance called for in these Christian efforts. The most fearful opposition and abuse were suffered, in which, it is lamentable to think, Church bigots, without religion or shame, took the lead. One of their schools was broken up in the height of its usefulness. It will hardly be credited in the present age that the great offense charged upon this school was, that its principal, Mr. Bere, had encouraged extemporaneous praying, and also speaking upon religious experience in a little meeting of a dozen poor neighbors for religious conversation. This was encouraging "Methodism;" and with the curate, to whom had been committed the care of souls, it seemed better to blast the only efficient agency in the parish for the renovation of the morals of the people and the salvation of their souls, than that "Methodism" should receive any countenance. The Misses More were attacked with a virulence almost incredible. They were accused not only of "Methodism," but also of Jacobinism, disloyalty, and even of French infidelity. The basest means were employed to inflame the public mind against them. The following bill, posted up on the highways, will serve as a sample of what they had to encounter:

"Just imported from Barbary, by Baron Munchausen, a large collection of strange beasts, which the Baron has had the honor of exhibiting before the Bishop of London and his party with great applause, and may be seen at any time of the day at a new-built caravan at the sign of the Green Cowslip, in the parish of Wrington, at 13½ pence each. The collection consists of five female savages [the Misses More] of the most desperate kind, one black bear, [Mr. Bere,] which they wounded with a poisoned dart while he was guarding his little ones."

These trials saddened the hearts of the sisters, but could not swerve them from their great work. Hannah writes to Wilberforce, "In Blagdon is 'still a voice heard, lamentation and mourning,' and at Cowslip 'Rachel' still weeping for her children, and refused to be comforted because they are not instructed. This heavy blow has almost bowed me to the ground. . . . Patty behaves nobly, and only works the harder for all these attacks." The disbanding of the school at Blagdon cost her many struggles; but when the day came she appeared on the ground in person and delivered an address that deserves to be written in letters of gold. "It is with no small concern," she said, "I have to inform you that we shall meet no more in this place. The Sunday school, and the evening reading, the weekly school of industry are all at an end. Before we part it is but justice to you to declare that my sister and I have never had more comfort from the teachable and dutiful behavior of any children, nor more satisfaction from the sober and decent conduct of any parents than we have experienced in this place. You will give us the best evidence that you have profited by our instructions, and those of your master, by carrying the religion you have been taught on Sunday into the business of the week, and the behavior of your daily life. I shall hold that person's religious profession very cheap indeed, who is not hereafter sober, peaceable, industrious, and forgiving. Be diligent in your attendance at Church twice a day. Show that you fear God, by keeping his commandments and reverencing his ministers; show that you 'know the King,' by submitting to all that are in authority under him, especially to magistrates."

She then bore testimony to the faithfulness of the teacher who had for eight years been in this noble work, and concluded by addressing the young men and women. "Young men!" she said, "let me exhort you to be sober-minded; avoid the snares and corruptions of the world, against which you have been so long guarded, and to which, at your season of life, you will be so much exposed. My young women! so long

the objects of our tender care and concern! I commit you to the protection of God. He can, and I trust he will, raise up better friends than we have been to you. In any case he will himself be your friend if you walk in the paths in which you have been trained. He will never leave you nor forsake you. . . . We shall never think of the five years that are past without being thankful for what has been done, and without wishing we had done more and better."

In vain do we look through this address, of which the above is only a part, for one word of repining under personal wrongs and sufferings, or one word of complaint against those whose cruel hostility had been the means of inflicting this great wrong. Never did her character appear more truly noble than on this occasion—a praiseworthy imitation of the example of Him "who, when he was reviled, reviled not again; and when he was persecuted threatened not."

Amid all these missionary labors and toils, to which were added a large epistolary correspondence and the cares of almost incessant company, she still found time for the prosecution of her literary enterprises. By consulting the dates it will be seen that most of her works were written and published during this period.

From her writings Hannah More received a large income. Her sisters also realized large returns from their long and successful labors as teachers. In the end they purchased a fine estate near Wrington, and all five came to live in one household. They were bound together by the tenderest affection; and their lives were made happy by a congeniality of character, tastes, and pursuits. Beautiful in their lives, in death they were not divided. In the village church-yard at Wrington, beneath a yew and willow, a plain stone bears the following inscription: "Beneath are deposited the mortal remains of five sisters:

"Mary More died 18th of April, 1813, aged seventy-five years.

"Elizabeth More died 16th June, 1816, aged seventy-six years.

"Sarah More died 17th May, 1817, aged seventy-four years.

"Martha More died 16th September, 1819, aged sixty years.

"Hannah More died 7th September, 1833, aged eighty-nine years.

"All these died in faith.

"Accepted in the beloved.

"Hebrews xi, 13. Ephesians i, 6."

It will be seen by the above that Hannah survived all her sisters and lived to a very advanced age. Her later years were not without trials, nor yet without the infirmities of age. Her mental vigor remained almost unabated to the last.

So long as she could work she did not cease to labor for her Master. In the hour of age and feebleness tenderly-attached friends surrounded and ministered unto her. In her dying moments some one spoke of the good deeds that had adorned her life. She quickly replied, "Talk not so vainly; I utterly cast them from me, and fall low at the foot of the cross." Her pious ejaculations during her last hours evinced how complete was the triumph of her faith. She would exclaim, "I know that my Redeemer liveth;" "O the love of Christ, the love of Christ!" "The thought of that better world lifts the mind above itself;" "O, glorious grave;" "Lord I believe, I do believe with all the powers of my weak, sinful heart." Almost at the last lucid moment she stretched out her arms as though receiving some dear object to her embrace, exclaimed, "Patty" and "joy," as though her most dearly-beloved sister had come to meet and welcome her.

Upon the writings of Miss More we forbear any criticism. Their general character is too well known to require any such labor at our hands, nor have we space for such a work. She wrote much and well; and of her it may be said, no doubt, with as much truth as of any author who has ever lived, that she wrote

"No line which, dying, she could wish to blot."

#### WHITEFIELD IN MARYLAND.

BY DAVID CREAMER.

##### NUMBER I.

Was Whitefield ever in Baltimore?—Errors of Griffith in his *Annals of Baltimore*—Of Dr. Hawks in his *Ecclesiastical History*—Of Dr. Backus in his work on *Revivals*—First Presbyterian Church of Baltimore.

**D**ID Whitefield ever visit Baltimore? This question, though apparently answered in the affirmative by Griffith in his "*Annals of Baltimore*," has long puzzled historians, and still continues to perplex them. Griffith's statement is as follows: "Messrs. John and Charles Wesley had visited Georgia as missionaries in 1735, but soon returned to England. In 1740 Mr. John Whitefield arrived there, and passed through Baltimore on several visits to the North."

This account is brief and comprehensive, but unfortunately it needs verification. The error in Whitefield's Christian name might be deemed merely typographical, were it not for the evident carelessness which pervades the whole sentence. Whitefield's first visit to Georgia was not in 1740, but 1738; and his second voyage to America was in the following year, when he landed near Cape Henlopen, thence journeyed to Philadelphia, vis-

ited New York, returned to Philadelphia, and thence traveled by land to Georgia, passing through Baltimore, as we shall show, in December, 1739. In 1740 he made but *two*, not "several visits" from Georgia "to the North," and both times *went by sea*, landing in the Spring at Newcastle, Delaware—or, as recorded in his Journal, "the Province of Pennsylvania"—and in the fall at Newport, Rhode Island.

On both occasions Whitefield returned South by sea, having in his second tour merely entered the north-eastern part of the Province of Maryland on his way to Reedy Island, in the Delaware River, to embark for Georgia. He spent but one day in Maryland, at "Bohemia," where he preached as usual, and wrote two letters, one to his beloved friend John Wesley, dated November 24, 1740. In this letter he says, "Wonderful things our Lord brings to pass in these parts every day. Here is a close opposition from some of the Presbyterian clergy. The seed of the serpent is the same in all, of whatever communion." This passage several writers on Whitefield and Church history in Maryland have misconstrued, among whom may be classed Dr. Hawks and Dr. Backus.

Dr. Hawks, alluding to the state of the Protestant Episcopal Church in Maryland, says, "Thus matters continued till 1740, when Mr. Whitefield made his appearance in Baltimore. According to his account, there was a sad dearth of piety in Maryland, and he found 'a close opposition from some of the Presbyterian clergy,' whom he charitably classes with 'the seed of the serpent.'" This of course is irony; but Dr. Hawks applies Whitefield's *charitable* remarks to the wrong persons. Whitefield was not speaking of the "Presbyterian clergy" of Maryland, but of the *Philadelphia Presbytery*, many of whom were bitterly opposed both to him and his coadjutors, which opposition resulted in a schism of the Synod the following Spring, 1741. "His stay" in Maryland, says Dr. Hawks, "at this time was short, and he appears to have made no very strong impression, though he writes, 'wonderful things our Lord brings to pass in these parts every day.' One of the most wonderful is, that his extraordinary eloquence did not produce a greater effect than it here seems to have done." Here again the learned author misapplies the words "in these parts" to Maryland, instead of Pennsylvania; and hence there is here no ground for the wonderment expressed at the presumed obduracy of the inhabitants of Maryland. Indeed, when Whitefield did visit that province a few years later, the facts were just of the opposite character, as may be seen from the following extract of one of his letters written in 1747, and

quoted by Dr. Backus in his work on Revivals. "I have now," says Whitefield, "been a three-hundred mile circuit in Maryland, and through one or two counties in Pennsylvania. Everywhere the people have a hearing ear. The Word has run, and hath been glorified in Maryland."

For a further confirmation of the correctness of our interpretation of Whitefield's words, we beg leave to quote a passage from one of his letters from Virginia to Gilbert Tennent, dated December 15, 1739, wherein he uses nearly the same language as above: "The hand of the Lord brought wondrous things to pass before we left *Pennsylvania*." And we know his ministrations in this province the following year were still more successful and glorious, while in the mean time he had not been in Maryland. Our object is to arrive at the truth, without which fiction takes the place of fact, and history becomes a fable.

Dr. Backus, in his "Historical Discourse" on taking leave of the old church edifice of the First Presbyterian congregation of Baltimore, 1860, makes a similar misapplication of his words and meaning when he states that Whitefield "says that he found a close opposition from the Presbyterians of *Baltimore*." When Whitefield wrote the above misquoted letter, he had not been in Maryland for about one year, and had no intercourse up to that time with the "Presbyterians of Baltimore." In reply to a note from the writer, Dr. Backus, under date of April, 1860, says, "Of course, when Mr. Whitefield passed through this region, 'Baltimore' included the whole county. There was a congregation of Presbyterians about Elk Ridge Landing, and one about fifteen miles from Baltimore near the Reisterstown road—also one about twenty miles off in the north-east direction." Take this explanation, and still there is no proof, that we have been able to find, that Whitefield had any intercourse with the Presbyterian clergy of "Baltimore county," till several years subsequent to 1740. This we think may also be fairly inferred from Dr. Backus's own account of "Revivals of Religion in the Presbyterian Churches of Baltimore," published in 1858. In this discourse occurs the following passage: "Ten or twelve years after the legislative grant to lay out this town [Baltimore] was obtained, [1729,] and there were not more than twenty or thirty houses on this site, Whitefield, then in the prime of life, and at the height of his usefulness, on more than one of his journeys from Georgia to the North and back, visited Maryland." The author does not say "visited Baltimore," or "Baltimore county," although the construction of the former part of the sentence seems to require such an ending;

but that would have been contrary to fact, and the data being doubtful the meaning is prudently left indefinite.

Again: Dr. Backus says that Whitefield in his Journal writes "that he found thousands," during his first visits to Maryland, "who had never heard of redeeming grace." This, we think, should be applied, not to Maryland alone, but to the *whole South*, just as we would refer another passage from one of his letters, also quoted by our author; namely, "There are thousands in *these Southern parts* that scarce ever heard of redeeming grace and love."

Dr. Backus has given the subject much attention, and we deem the remainder of the paragraph, though not entirely satisfactory, too interesting to be omitted. "Soon, however, Whitefield had reason to say, 'Have the Marylanders also received the grace of God? Amazing love, Maryland is yielding converts to Jesus; the harvest is promising; the time of the singing of birds is come.' We learn from his letters that the whole population was moved, and that it was rare to find an individual who was not prepared to listen with interest to the subject of personal religion. What was the precise course of Whitefield's journey on those visits we can not learn with positiveness. We find from his letters that he was on the Eastern Shore, at Annapolis, and that 'he made a three-hundred mile circuit,' through seven counties of Maryland and one or two counties of Pennsylvania. From these incidental hints, from his visiting Nottingham, Prince George's county, on one of these occasions, and from a letter of President Davies, there can be little doubt that he preached with some success in Baltimore county. And it is highly probable that some of those who subsequently became the nucleus of the first Presbyterian Church of Baltimore, "attended upon the ministry of which we have these accounts. Some of them resided near to the churches where he must have preached, and others of them came in a few years from that part of Pennsylvania where he labored most successfully."

The biographers of Whitefield having all failed to record his first journey through the Province of Maryland, we will endeavor, in a subsequent paper, imperfectly to supply the hiatus.

#### SELF-DISCIPLINE.

THAT discipline which corrects the eagerness of worldly passions, which fortifies the heart with virtuous principles, which enlightens the mind with useful knowledge, is of more consequence to real felicity than all the provisions which we can make of the goods of fortune.



## WILBRAHAM—WAYSIDE GLEANINGS.

BY A STUDENT.

LET us walk this hour. The sun is sinking, and the moon is rising. The west is gold, the east silver, and the two lights each surge up to the zenith, where they blend in one mellowed hue, like the strong and beautiful in a happy home. How many eyes are looking on this silent orb to-night, and with what different feelings do they regard it! There has been more *moonshine* said and written about this quiet queen, now rising so majestically, than about all the other planets, primary and secondary—Venus not excepted—in the solar system. A regular series of conjectures, from that of the honest soul who believes it made of "green cheese," to that of the philosopher who maps out its mountains and its plains with all the assurance of one who has traversed the lunar regions. Wondrous power is attributed by some to this silver star, varying, however, according to the portions visible, and the way you look at it. If you see it over your left shoulder when its horns point to the east, beware! Lachesis draws out the thread of your existence in doleful colors. But if you are wise and look at it over your right shoulder, the argent and gold threads glitter in the warp and woof of your life. If this fact were more generally understood, how much needless evil might be shunned! Then, there are others who look at the moon as the special guardian of the weather. Is it warm, cloudy, dull, it will be clear and cold after the moon has quartered. Is the air clear, keen, and frosty, the mercury at zero, the weather will moderate after a change in the moon. These quarterings, halvings, and beginnings, are to them wonderful epochs in the history of each individual moon. They are periods of severe struggles with the elements. All nature seems to envy her serene countenance, and thus summons all its forces, winds, hails, and floods, to war with it, and after a terrible conflict, it comes out halved or quartered, as the case may be. The convulsion is generally more terrific during the passage of the moon from old to new. Then its influence over the destiny of mortals is more directly felt. We must believe that some of these good people are a little *lunatic*, or at least *moonstruck*.

But while we have been walking and talking the moon has sailed upward, and even now tips, with its brightening beams, the tree-tops at the mountain's base. Its rays have a warmth, too, which they had not an hour ago, as if she heard our words, and burned with indignation at the base aspersions. How strangely those slant beams fall on my head! They feel just as they

did seven years ago, when I was walking this same mountain road. Seven years ago! Can this be the same sky, and these the same fields upon which I then looked? It must be so; yet the sky has been so curtained with clouds, and earth so draped in sable, that I scarce knew it till that warm moonbeam fell on my heart, and, by the subtle, mysterious law of association, waked up the sleeping remembrances, and evoked from the dim past the events of those earlier days. Persons of like occupations, habits of thought, and tastes usually band together, and form a kind of brotherhood almost indissoluble for life. But the baptism of sorrow, let it come through whatever agency it may, allies persons of *diverse* tastes and habits, and brings them into a *closer* relationship; so that, although they may never have opportunity to speak, and rarely meet, they watch for an occasion to send some friendly greeting, or to do, unseen and unknown, some deed of kindness to the suffering. Thus the "uses of adversity" become "*sweet*," for if there be in the soul any germ of goodness, nurtured by the dew of tears, it shall increase and mature, till its unfolding and blossoming shall gladden the eye of every beholder.

These thoughts are suggested by the events which memory calls up, and which have some connection with yonder hovel just on the mountain side. It is occupied now by a family whose children, with unwashed faces, uncombed heads, and peculiar accent, plainly show that they came from the Emerald Isle. But it was not always so. When last I walked this mountain road, it was tenanted by a poor, lone woman, known only to a few, but in her poverty and desolation honored by that few. Her story is soon told. When she came with her husband and son to that spot, they were not only poor in worldly goods, but in mental and moral treasure. Soon the great transforming power of religion reached both her and her husband, and unfolded to their vision things unspeakably glorious. Then for the first time was life redeemed from interminable drudgery; and cheered by the prospect of the future, they toiled on hopefully and happily. After a time the son left for the then "far West." Years passed, and they grew aged and infirm: The son wrote that he would come for them and take them to his own home. The day was fixed for his arrival, and with all the pride and confidence of parents who feel that they have a support when their own strength fails, they watched his coming. Suddenly they heard a step, and the door opened. It was a neighbor who came to bring unwelcome tidings. The son had gone to the quiet grave, and could no longer heed their wants. The stroke was terrible, and the agony that followed was

life-long; and in the years that slowly passed, many an hour of silence, broken only by the half-suppressed groan, told something of their woe. After a time the father sickened and died, and the mother meekly bowed in submission to the will of Heaven.

It was after these events that I first saw her. Her antiquated dress first arrested my attention as she entered Church; then as she listened to the sermon, her browned and wrinkled face glowed with a luster not of earth. The words she heard did not merely please the ear, they were the soul's food. They lifted her among the blessed, and though on earth almost unnoticed and unknown, she walked with God. For long months this poor woman lived in that lone house, and when in the drear Winter the spotless snow would scarce be tracked for days, and the winds howled forth their long overtures, or sadly murmured through the crevices of her rude dwelling, she would calmly look up and ask for the presence of the Holy One. And he came at her call, nor scorned her simple trust, but gave her "joy for mourning, and the garment of praise for the spirit of heaviness." What a blessed thing that the air and the sunlight, and the sight of the green fields, and blue sky, and starry heavens, are not forbidden to the children of sorrow and of poverty!

It was thus this lone one thought, as with slow and failing steps she made her way down the mountain's side, now stopping to look at the trees under which her son used to play in his boyish days, and then gathering a few stray violets that seemed to look at her so tenderly from the rude banks of earth by the roadside; then as she looks down upon the valley so green and beautiful, with white houses surrounded by clustering trees, and spires of church and academy, and groups of happy students, she blessed God for the sight, and prayed for a speedy entrance into the fields of paradise, and into that city of whose glory she had read in the Word of Life. And her prayer was heard at last. In mid-Autumn, when Summer seemed to resume her sway, and golden sunsets flung their dying glory over mountain and vale, and tinged with their rich hues the marble slabs that whiten the dell, the death-angel came, and she went peacefully, triumphantly to her home.

In the fullness of her love for the Church, which had been the instrument of making her wilderness life bud and blossom like the rose, she gave that building, and little piece of ground, and every thing she possessed to it. She cast into the treasury of the Lord more than many rich, for they gave of their abundance, but she all her living.

### GETHSEMANE.

BY MRS. ELLEN CLEMENTINE HOWARTH.

I THINK could I behold the bowers  
Where my Redeemer bent the knee,  
And breathe the fragrance of the flowers  
Of sanctified Gethsemane;  
And with my sinful lips once press  
The turf on which my Savior trod—  
Anointed thus, then could they bless,  
And praise, and serve thee, O my God.

I know not if the Kedron brook  
Doth water still the solemn glade,  
Nor if it bears aught of the look  
It bore when there our Savior prayed;  
But though the Kedron floweth not,  
And thou art bare of flower or tree,  
To me thou art earth's holiest spot,  
O sanctified Gethsemane.

There is a sad and soothing calm  
Even in thy name, O sacred earth!  
That stills, like drops of magic balm,  
The turbid waves of passion's birth;  
And thou hast even power to set  
My captive heart from fetters free—  
I only sin when I forget  
The sorrows of Gethsemane.

'Tis said that every earthly sound  
Goes trembling through the voiceless spheres,  
Bearing its endless echoes round  
The pathway of eternal years.  
Ah, surely then the sighs that He  
That midnight breathed, the zephyrs bore  
From thy dim shades, Gethsemane,  
To thrill the world for evermore.

Is it this power's electric start  
That toucheth souls with love divine,  
That bringeth to my brother's heart  
The calm that cometh not to mine?  
Is it the tears that bathed His face,  
That from the clouds in raindrops pour,  
Baptizing, in a shower of grace,  
The sinful earth for evermore?

I know not, but I fain would trace  
O'er burning deserts long and wide,  
That I might look upon the place  
Where my Redeemer lived and died;  
And fallen tower and broken wall  
Of His loved city I would see,  
And thee, the holiest spot of all,  
O sanctified Gethsemane!

### MINISTERING ANGELS.

BY JANE TAYLOR.

I SEE no light, I hear no sound,  
When midnight shades are spread;  
Yet angels pitch their tents around,  
And guard my quiet bed.

## THE CASTLE OF RYNAST.

TRANSLATED FROM THE GERMAN OF KASPAR  
FRIEDRICH GOTTSCHALK.

BY MARY A. A. PHINNEY.

HE who has never yet beheld the beautiful scenery of Silesia, the wild masses of her giant mountains, over which Rübezah! once reigned; who has never yet looked down from the high rock-pinnacles of this gigantic mountain chain, upon the landscapes painting indescribably-beautiful pictures below, can not say that he has seen the most lovely portion of our everlessening father-land. Whoever has journeyed through it, has doubtless become acquainted with the noteworthy ruins of the castle Rynast, with whose description and history I will open this gallery of German castles.

A walk of three-quarters of an hour from the well-known watering-place of Warmbrunn, brings us to the village of Hermodorf, belonging to the Count of Schafgotsch. The village lies directly at the foot of the mountain upon which the ruins of Rynast stand, and through it necessarily lies the path of the traveler who wishes to ascend to them. Over the door of a certain dwelling may be found a large board fastened, upon which are the words,

"He who Rynast's walls would see,  
Let him trust himself to me!"

The occupant of the house is the guide of strangers up the old mountain, and to him one must always apply, inasmuch as he has the key of the little hut in front of the ruins, as well as that of the room in the ancient watch-tower; and is, moreover, the host of travelers on the mountain. This office gives him, in Hermodorf, the high-sounding title of Commander of Rynast. With him the traveler must climb, for a half hour, an easy path which was constructed in the year 1800, when the Queen of Prussia visited Rynast. Chairs, however, are kept in readiness to carry up such as find the way even now too difficult.

Among the many legends of these ruins is that of the beautiful Runigunde.

Runigunde, the only child of one of the earlier possessors of Rynast, had received a manly education from her father, who was enraged with Heaven for giving him no son. If she romped wildly, played with arms, tamed horses, or amused herself with his horsemen, he caressed her most tenderly. She was most ardently attached to him, and was perfectly inconsolable when, one day, in a fit of intoxication, he leaped with his horse over a precipice, and was dashed to pieces on the rocks below. She caused his remains to

be buried in the almost inaccessible place where he had fallen, and made it her custom daily to visit the grave. She still continued her former mode of life, only that her wildness was rougher and gloomier than before. Her visits to the grave of her father nourished her hatred toward the rocks, which, she said, had deprived her of her parent; yet she would not forsake her mountain abode, although she possessed other castles situated in fertile valleys. She seemed to love her dwelling-place, because she could be angry with it.

After the death of her father, a throng of stately knights sued for the hand of the rich maiden. No one of them received a decided answer, and none could tell wherefore, till she at last explained that upon the next St. Gertrude's Day all should be expected to assemble in order to hear the ultimatum from her mouth. The day arrived, and Rynast swarmed with suitors, for the wonderful convocation of all upon one day had called together many out of mere curiosity. They drank at a table sumptuously laid, and fed by the oil of the grape, the flame of hope rose brightly in the breasts of all. Already the evening drew nigh, and Runigunde had not yet announced her decision. Many a one, animated by the noble wine, besought her for an explanation, but in vain. At last she rose from the table as if waking from a dream, and cried,

"Now is the time to disclose the conditions of my love and hand so daringly demanded! Let those who will hear, follow me!"

She hastened to the court-yard, and the multitude followed in wild confusion. She passed out at the castle door, and hastened upon a newly-beaten path, by torchlight, to the grave of her father, whither the crowd reeled after her. When she had reached it, she snatched a crucifix from the hands of a priest, raised it on high, and cried with enthusiasm,

"Here rests the only one I ever loved! Here I swear to love none, marry none, who shall not, sitting in knightly harness on his steed, ride around the upper ledge of the castle wall, and thus defy the rocks which are stained with my father's blood!"

So she spoke, wished the guests good night, and left them, some cursing, others laughing, murmuring, or silent.

The news of this wonderful marriage condition spread far abroad. Perilous as it was to consent to it, there were, nevertheless, foolhardy ones who were willing to try their fortune. In order to keep the merely curious from her presence, Runigunde had posted a watch on the way to the castle, who acquainted every knight with the condition, and the danger connected therewith.

If he still announced his determination to submit, he was guided to the castle, presented to the lady, allowed to pass a day in her society, and was then obliged, with the following ceremonies, to enter upon the fearful adventure. In the court-yard he mounted his steed amid the beating of drums and the noise of artillery; Runigunde looked down upon him from the balcony, repeated her assurance, and wished him success. He promised her the fulfillment of the condition, and now rode, attended by his weeping retinue, over the drawbridge and upon the wall. The drummers remained at their posts, the guns were loaded anew, in order to give a glorious reception to the knight who should successfully complete the task; but they never sounded the second time, for over the fearful steep were precipitated all those unfortunates who, from vanity or covetousness, had determined upon the risk.

Great was the number of those who found their death in such a way, and became a sad sacrifice to so inhuman a stipulation. The fame spread far abroad, and at last it was still and desolate at Rynast, for each aspirant was terrified at the fate of his predecessors. Runigunde's madness at this increased from week to week, but the country people around rejoiced that the knights had become once more prudent, and would no more cast themselves into visible destruction.

Thus passed a long, long time, when suddenly a stately knight, attended by a single esquire, came galloping up the mountain. The servants having become inattentive, rushed confusedly in the path, terrified at the unwonted apparition, wished hastily to put themselves in order and prove the new-comer, but a defiant "Hence, servants!" disarmed their courage. They let him pass, looked after him and at each other in astonishment, and feared the affair might not end well for them.

Runigunde laughed loudly when they told her another knight had appeared, and sprang, full of proud joy, to the window. But a sensation, never before experienced, took possession of her. With increasing attention and a confusion quite unaccustomed to her, she marked the majestic deportment of the handsome stranger, and his beautiful blue eyes that gazed up at her firmly and steadily. Before she was aware of it he had already entered the room, greeted her courteously, and she bowed involuntarily lower than ever before in the presence of one of his peers.

"Lady," he addressed her, "I am acquainted with the task you have imposed upon the knight-hood. If success be mine, then I am the last to undertake the adventure."

He deported himself from this moment with a noble ingenuousness, conversed upon many sub-

jects with such penetration, decision, and confidence, that Runigunde dared not treat him as she had done his predecessors. All that he said sounded to her new and charming. His proud boldness did not offend her; his feeling descriptions awakened in her strange emotions, but his entire manner, both of deporting himself and treating her, embarrassed her, and made her feel that she was playing an awkward part.

While she discovered this, it occurred to her that she did not yet know who the stranger might be. Accustomed always to be informed even before the arrival of a knight, she was greatly irritated at the negligence of her servants, and left the room hastily to inquire of and reprove them. But no one could give her the desired information, and the esquire of the strange knight was so laconic and enigmatical that, in a passion, she gave him a blow on the ear, and ran again to the room in order to ask his name of the unknown. She was prepared to do this with earnestness and severity, but his novel behavior disarmed her. He had taken up a lute in her absence, on which he was playing fanciful airs as she hastily entered. The soft tones, through which a flood of new and pleasant emotions streamed in upon her, softened her whole nature. The frown vanished from her brow, and she seated herself with downcast eyes opposite the knight, who sang, with a rich, manly voice, a song whose sentiment impressed her so strongly, that she could not conceal her tears.

So the day passed, and as night came on the stranger left the room with the announcement that early on the morrow he would ride round the castle on the wall. With anxious heart-throbs Runigunde heard it, sought to effect a delay, and wished that the knight might relinquish his intention; but he remained firm. With the sensibility of awakened love and the pain of a broken pride, Runigunde remained alone. She threw herself upon her couch, but no sleep refreshed her, and not till long past midnight did she sink into one of those wild dreams sometimes attending slumber.

At the first break of day the strange esquire opened the door and went out upon the wall, and as the sky reddened in the east he went back to the castle-yard and led the steeds from the stall. Then the knight came down the staircase clad in light garments, embraced his esquire, swung himself upon his horse, and rode proudly forth.

"Now awaken all in the castle," cried the esquire to the trembling porters, "but allow no one to approach the wall."

Even to the ascent of the wall the esquire accompanied his master, who then, with a friendly glance at him, rode on, taking his feet from the



stirrups, and allowing the reins to hang negligently upon the neck of his steed. Securely it walked along the narrow path, while the rider looked quietly down into the terrible valley where, as yet, it was dark night. The sun rose up in the east, and the lark soared singing into the air, but he saw neither sun nor lark, only he sometimes looked kindly back upon the esquire walking near the wall.

Meanwhile all in the castle were aroused, and ran hastily to and fro in confusion and anxiety. Runigunde was also awakened. Scarcely had she heard that the knight was upon the wall, when a fearful shuddering seized her. "He is dead!" she shrieked, and hurried to the castle-yard. "Where is his body?" None answered; all stood with folded hands.

When the anxiety of all was at the highest, behold, the knight on his steed, drenched with perspiration, turned the corner of the building at the other extremity of the wall, and drew near the end of the fearful path. Runigunde was nearly fainting as he rode safely from the wall, and dismounted from his horse. The loudest joy took possession of the servants; they shouted, screamed, and danced. The drums beat in the court, and the artillery thundered over the whole region the news that the victory was at last won.

"Do homage to your master!" cried Runigunde, and beckoned to the knight.

"You have fulfilled the conditions, noble knight," she said to him; "you have appeased the spirit of my father. I surrender to you this castle and its territory, and am ready to call you my husband."

Again the drum sounded.

With lofty earnestness the knight replied, "Lady, the terrible charm is broken which has cost the lives of so many noble men. I rejoice to have set bounds to your pride and cruelty, and thank God for the protection he has granted me. Curse and eternal disgrace be upon whoever shall hereafter undertake this risk. To declare this loudly that it may go through all lands, was the only object of my appearance at the castle. For a year my horse has been trained to walk upon narrow paths, and this was not the first time he has traveled over such a one, but it will be the last time. And you—you, who with inhuman heart have cast to destruction so many unhappy youths—turn back; let the emotions of nature and humanity awake in your heart. Abhorrence and disgrace to the haughty Runigunde; honor and love to the tender, the kind! Break the crust which surrounds your heart; awaken feelings which become a woman! Become a woman and a wife, and repair to the world those lives which your pride has sacrificed.

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"I can not become your husband. I am Adalbert, Landgrave of Thuringia, and have already taken a most noble wife to my love; but I conjure you, give yourself once more to the world and to mankind; and if you would have an assistant in your beautiful beginning, choose my friend, this esquire, the brave Hugo of Erbach.

"But you who stand in astonishment around me, witnesses of most fearful outrage, be also witnesses of repentance and improvement. Obey your mistress, but remember that we ought always to obey God rather than man.

"And now, lady, farewell! Pardon the humiliation—you have deserved it. When the sickle of the moon appears, my friend will return in order to be a witness, and perhaps a shayer, of your altered sentiments. Farewell!"

He swung himself upon his horse, and rode with his esquire down the mountain. Runigunde was borne fainting to her chamber. She lay eight days sick; then she prayed and fasted in deep humiliation. At the end of the fourth week appeared the knight Hugo of Erbach, with a shining retinue, at the door of Rynast. Runigunde became his bride. The love of Hugo and the friendship of Adalbert softened her repentance, and her last word to her children was the prayer never, in proud defiance to nature, to bring blood-guiltiness upon themselves and humanity.

#### SCENES OF OTHER DAYS.

BY STELL B. GILMORE.

SCENES of other days come stealing

O'er our spirit, as some dream  
Half forgotten; weird-like whispers  
Linger o'er life's changeful stream.  
Music of a voice so loving,  
Falling low-toned on the ear,  
Seems enchain'd within our mem'ry  
With those things we love so dear.

Spirits from the past seem breathing  
Words of days when hopes were bright,  
When the scenes of life were wreathing  
Joys that brightened in their flight;  
Loving ones, though yonder sleeping,  
Seem to linger near us now;  
Palms of velvet green seem bearing  
Palms to deck our wearied brow.

Dark and fitful are the changes  
Wrought, our youthful dreams to blight  
Mingling with our days of gladness,  
All the shades of darkest night.  
Cherish, then, the past with fondness,  
With a dear and holy trust,  
Till life's sands have run and wasted—  
Till frail man returns to dust.

## THE DALLES OF THE ST. CROIX.

BY PROF. E. E. EDWARDS.

THE charm of natural scenery owes much of its potency to association. Artistically viewed, the landscape may be tame and spiritless, and yet possess an indefinable beauty, something superior to all external conditions. The desert has a smile for its nomadic children, the shoreless expanse of ocean becomes fascinating to the sailor, and any landscape, however tame, becomes beautiful to those long accustomed to gaze upon it. Genius may consecrate a scene. We love "Sweet Afton" and the "Vale of Avoca." The mighty spell of song has rendered them sacred; love and affection have superadded a beauty that is not found in running stream or blossoming valley. Sweet Afton, after all, may be commonplace—may flow through banks of ordinary earth, and through "braes" that are none of the greenest, but the spell may not be broken:

"My Mary's asleep by thy murmuring stream;  
Flow gently, sweet river; disturb not her dream."

The Vale of Avoca, in a utilitarian point of view, may be excellent pasture land; but it owes not its charm to green sward or crystal waters:

"'T was that friends, the beloved of my bosom, were  
there,  
Who made every scene of enchantment more dear."

It is this superadded charm of association, or of song, or of story, which renders it a pleasant task to describe favored localities, and a most difficult one to picture those which are remote and but little known.

The River St. Croix is not an Afton. No poet, that we are aware of, has ever chanted its praises. Perhaps the somewhat mythical "Nawadaha, the sweet singer," who dwelt somewhere

"In the green and silent valley,  
By the pleasant water-courses,"

has, like the bards in Ossian, raised the song: if so it was in monotonous Chippewayan, and to our ears the burden of the song is lost. Geographically considered, the St. Croix is a tributary of the Mississippi, rising near Lake Superior, and flowing southward. It is navigable for sixty miles above its mouth, and, during the Summer months, is crowded with rafts of pine lumber. Physical beauty it has beyond any other stream in the West: its true spiritual significance will be developed in after years, when its banks shall be crowded with happy homes. Byron was misanthropical when he wrote about the pleasure in the pathless woods—the rapture on the lonely

shore. There is, without doubt, beauty in solitude, but no beauty is perfect till it receives the nobler impress of the spiritual; no landscape is finished till it is hallowed as the home of man. It is true man sometimes makes sad havoc of the beauties of nature; he chains Undine to his saw-mill; the groves of murmuring pine-trees he transforms into prosaic saw-logs, and sometimes he prefixes his own unmusical name to river, lake, and waterfall; but still he gives them a human interest, and so "the wilderness blossoms as a rose."

The waters of the St. Croix are by no means clear as crystal; on the contrary, they are of a rich brown color, and in the sunshine more "like the wine when it is red," a tint borrowed from the banks of reddish clay. This river, like the Mississippi, has worn its channel through the lower magnesian limestone, and the rich lower silurian deposits beneath it. Here you may find the trilobite, and its kindred fossils, the impress of countless ages upon their quaint forms. Here, too, where the waves are breaking upon a beach of white sands, you may find the cornelian, a gem that would be costly if it were only more rare. For thirty miles above its mouth the river is widened into a lake, which winds gracefully among hills that have a far less rugged aspect than those bordering on the Mississippi. Thirty miles above the Lake occur what is grandly styled "The Falls of the St. Croix;" but the traveler in search of the picturesque will be disappointed. In vain will he listen for the thunder of falling floods, or look for the gleam of vertical waters. There is nothing to be seen but a long rapid, where the waters, churned to foam over innumerable rocks in their rapid passage, remind us most of Longfellow's description of the old Viking, who placed a foaming draught of ale to his lips, when

"A loud laugh of scorn  
Out of those lips unshorn,  
From the deep drinking horn  
Blew the foam lightly."

The spray is indeed flying before us, but there is no old Viking above laughing through the foam of his goblet; there is no one, in short, but an Indian spearing fish, and who can not sympathize with our far-fetched fancies.

There are thriving cities upon either side of the rapid, but we pass them by, only observing that here the Repository has faithful readers, some of whom, in other days and other latitudes, welcomed the first numbers ever published to their homes and hearts. The "New Monthly," as we styled it; how quaint and yet how queenly its garb! Some prophesied ill, others feared the worst for the venturesome publication; a few

paid for and read it with ever-increasing satisfaction, some of whom, after wandering a thousand miles from their early homes, send back a greeting. We loved the old name—"Ladies' Repository, and Gatherings of the West," but, alas! the latter half of the title, though musical, was not cosmopolitan enough.

"No pent-up Utica contracts our powers."

Reader, excuse what might have been a positive digression from the subject.

Ho! for the Dalles of the St. Croix! Just below the rapids the river is crowded between perpendicular ledges of trap-rock, varying in height from seventy to one hundred and fifty feet. At first the passage is so narrow that the little steamer, that makes its semi-weekly trips during the Summer, can scarce find room to turn. Through this part of the Dalles the water rushes swiftly, and with many a whirlpool, but emerging into a wider part becomes calm and mirrors the rocks above. These rocks, many-hued with mosses, with ferruginous tints, and with the porphyritic gleam of the more recently-exposed portions, are crowned with pines, which stand slender and stately, as though a part of the columnar masses on which they grow.

We have chosen midwinter as the time for our present visit to the Dalles. Our Northern landscape is drear, yet beautiful. Our white cottages, such a blur upon a green, Summer landscape, harmonize perfectly with the snow-wastes around them. The rocks and the somber pines above them relieve the scene of its monotony. The river and the lakes are frozen; even the whirlpools of the Dalles are bridged with ice, and from beneath the snow, where the eye can detect no traces of a brook, the ear can catch the low, musical laughter of running waters. The waterfalls are incrustated with huge shells of ice, pearl-colored, rainbow-hued, whence cometh a deep reminiscent murmur, something like the song which the seashell eternally sings of the sea. There are frozen cascades on the hill-sides, and hanging motionless over ledges of trap-rock that have the appearance of mighty torrents suddenly transformed to adamant; but there is no murmur of falling waters from beneath: they are silent as they are motionless. In Summer they are small springs, that you would scarce observe, trickling through crevices in the rocks; in Winter they grow ceaselessly, drop after drop freezing, and thus giving these ice cascades a kind of exogenous growth; whereas the true waterfalls, when frozen may be classified as endogenous. This method of classification, it is proper to observe, is not yet patented. These false cascades are, some of them, very beautiful. There is one in particular which

we shall find on the western ledge of the Dalles, which hangs over its precipice, a silent Minnehaha. Its pearls are frozen, its rainbows are folded away, its flowing drapery has the rigidity of marble, its wreath of foam is but a dazzling snow-drift, and I sigh to think that returning Spring, which beautifies all else, shall dissolve this lovely vision. It will, indeed; but snow-flake and frost-gem shall only be resolved into more beautiful forms, into drops of crystal and wreaths of mist; and where hung the sculptured waterfall, shall be seen rocks, green with mosses, overhung with nodding forms and trailing vines, and mirrored in the still, dark waters below.

What have we here? Names. Names of the many, written, apparently, wherever, on the smooth surface of the rock, there is place for a name. This is perhaps their only immortality. We can not avoid recalling the old couplet so often impudently written as a comment on victims of the name-writing mania:

"Fools' names, like their faces,  
Always seen in public places."

Rather satiric than just: at any rate our sympathies are with the owners of the names. For we recall among the odds and ends of our lost, but unforgotten treasures, the memory of a jack-knife, instrumental in carving a name, and sometimes a brace of them, on every conspicuous beech-tree in the forest. May time deal gently with those trees, and the woodman spare them, and as for the jack-knife, "may it rust in peace," where we lost it years ago!

High on what appears a monumental column, composed of several rocks, poised curiously one upon the other, and reaching to the height of perhaps seventy feet above the river, is the name of a lady who once dared to stand upon the pinnacle, and who must have resembled the goddess Fame, as she is represented in the frontispiece of our spelling-books, standing upon the summit of her own proud temple.

The column in question is not as high as formerly it was. Some patriotic madcaps once celebrated the Fourth of July by toppling over the highest rock. Had they been subjected to a similar experiment in gravitation the ends of public justice would have been answered; but Nature is more forgiving than poets. The miscreants live, it is hoped, to repent of their vandalism.

There are many things still to be seen in the Dalles, but with the mercury twenty degrees below zero, as it happens to be this beautiful day, perhaps it would be best to return. "There are sunny days in Winter," but after all there is a more pleasant season. If you would see the Dalles in their beauty come when the birds sing—

the strawberries are ripe—come when the network of raspberry-vines is red with the luscious fruit: the rocks and hills shall be robed in their holiday garb, the river shall smile as the shadows and sunlight play above it, and the tall pines wave a welcome.

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#### MENTION THE GOOD.

BY MRS. E. A. M'NALL.

**T**HERE is a spark in every human soul, however degraded and lost it may seem, of that celestial fire we call *the good*. If you would reform either an individual or a people appeal to this. Fan into flame this living spark which God hath implanted. You may have to search for it, but rely upon it it is there, and it is accessible. Bring it out from its incrustations and it will glow and sparkle, and, if fed, communicate its light and heat to the whole system. Do not forget that you may crush out this good, or cause it indefinitely to slumber, by heaping over it the black ashes of besetting sins. Men may be willing themselves to admit that they are bad, but they can not brook it from the lips of another.

Mother! do not forget to commend your little one when its infantile efforts have merited a mother's smile. Watch for these opportunities, in order that you may nourish into healthy growth the better qualities and affections of your child's heart—create a laudable ambition to excel in virtuous acts. The answering smile, the new light glistening in the eye, the inner resolve, will more than compensate you. But these are only the germs; you shall gather the fruit hereafter. Show by every act that you love and appreciate the good and it will flourish, and evil die for the very want of food to nourish it.

Husband! praise your wife, sympathize with her; and when she has striven to make your home pleasant and comfortable, appreciate the effort. Suppose you can pick flaws with it and her, one word of encouragement, one look of approval, will arouse much more effort, and create a vast deal more happiness than a frown or an unkind word. You may mold that loving heart as you will, if you only deal with it kindly and gently. Women are made up of love, sympathy, and a thousand little affections and emotions, each beautiful and tractable in themselves, if these have not been perverted by harshness and abuse. It is your fault if she is not all that you would have her to be.

Wife! in your intercourse with your husband, appeal to the good that is in him. The effort will not be a fruitless one. You are the vine, and should cover with your fruit and foliage the

rough spots in the trunk of the oak. He has supported and sustained you. How else can you repay him but by love and devotion? Dwell upon the noble traits in his character, and pass over his faults, if he has any, in silence. If it is meet that they should stand against him, it is not meet that you should array them. You may soften and modify a character otherwise stern and harsh, if you but approach it on the accessible side.

Do n't talk scandal, and surmise evil of your neighbors, good people! but mention the good that is in them. You will find it somewhere if you only look for it, and developed in each individual in a different manner. An artist, when he would paint a masterpiece, copies nature in every particular; but he copies her beauties and not her defects. He borrows a beauty here, and a grace there, and dwells upon them; revolves them over and over in his mind, and then blends them into one beautiful whole. So look upon human nature and seize the true, the beautiful, and the good, and mold them to your purpose.

Is not that a morbid taste in society which drags the characters of men and women forth, and parades them before the public gaze simply for the sake of destroying them? Does it not furnish the very food for impurity that it thrives on? Just so sure as like begets like, does dwelling upon evil beget evil. Thoughts engender thoughts, and good ones purify, but evil ones corrupt. There is an innate pride in every individual, never wholly crushed out, that makes him delight to find some good in himself. Who was ever won to goodness by having the whole category of his faults arrayed against him?

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#### GOD'S LABORS AND CARE.

**W**HEN we think of the labor required to rear the few that are in our households—the weariness, the anxiety, the burden of life—how wonderful seems God's work! for he carries heaven, and earth, and all the realms of his created universe in his bosom.

Many think that God takes no thought for any thing less than a star or a mountain, and is unmindful of the little things of life; but when I go abroad, the first thing which I see is the grass beneath my feet, and, nestling in that, flowers smaller yet, and, lower still, the mosses with their inconspicuous blooms, which beneath the microscope glow with beauty. And if God so cares for "the grass of the fields, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven," shall he not much more care for the minutest things of your life, "O ye of little faith?"



## THE SAFEGUARD.

BY MARY A. HARLOW.

My heart is harder, and perhaps  
 My manliness hath drank up tears;  
 And there's a mildew in the lapse  
 Of a few brief and checker'd years—  
 But nature's book is even yet  
 With all my mother's lessons writ.—WILLIS.

NO name, however eminent upon the page of history, excites in my heart more love, reverence, and admiration, than is awakened by the remembrance of a very plain old man, known to "every body" as "uncle Edward." Great men astonish the world by brilliant minds, and unexampled deeds; but there was in his quiet life both beauty and greatness, independent of the world's smiles and worship. Dear old man! he is now gathered to his fathers; but there are many faithful hearts that unite in saying, with deep sincerity, "Thy life hath left surviving love;" and not love merely, but an undying confirmation of the beauty of Christianity.

Uncle Edward had one son, the only member of his family that was left to cheer the old man's declining years. Harry was a noble, high-spirited boy, inheriting, in a great degree, his father's good qualities, yet giving evidence of one serious defect of character, that threatened to influence the happiness of his whole life. Although ever respectful to the counsel and teachings of his father, Harry was confident that he needed no assistance in preparing for that lifelong struggle, of which, as yet, he knew comparatively nothing. His inclinations were on the side of virtue, and he saw no necessity of being warned of those rocks and quicksands on which many a noble youth, possessing virtues and talents equal to his own, is driven and destroyed.

This confidence in his own strength was a source of anxiety to uncle Edward, who saw, with the wisdom of long experience, how weak is the defense which the young heart builds itself, in that hour, so often met, when temptation shall beat upon it like an angry flood.

It happened on one Winter's evening that a stranger came to uncle Edward's to pass the night. We had never seen him before, but he was the business partner of an intimate friend, and was received by uncle Edward with great pleasure. He was a middle-aged man, handsome in form, and possessing a countenance remarkably interesting. His face might have seemed commonplace but for his eyes; so dark and penetrating were they, that those upon whom he fixed them, with his accustomed searching expression,

could easily be deluded with the belief that he was reading, at a glance, even the secrets of their life and character. At first he was grave and taciturn, but gradually uncle Edward's honest intelligence awakened his interest, and he talked with zest upon the various subjects which it pleased the old man to present. That he was a gentleman of mind, education, and refinement, his language unmistakably declared. There was none of the bitterness and misanthropy in his conversation which marks the man who does not rightly improve each one of life's lessons. He was genial in his views of others, and judged the world with that charity which is the noblest index of the Christian character.

From the first hour of his visit I noticed that he directed the closest attention to Harry, and seemed anxious, after his own reserve had melted away, to draw him into the conversation, in which, for some reason, Harry did not participate. I was certain that he had discovered the marked self-reliance which characterized this young man, and on some dark page—perhaps of personal experience—was reviewing a picture of youthful independence and weakness.

It was not a matter of wonder that Harry's noble face and dignified bearing should have attracted his attention. However obvious his prevalent weakness, it required no skilled physiognomist to discover in Harry Leeform talents which, if rightly improved, would make his life an honor and a blessing to the world. Therefore was Harry scanned by the keen eyes of the stranger, and his every act apparently made the subject of careful study.

After tea uncle Edward left the room, and we were alone with our guest. He was seated by the fireplace directly opposite to Harry and myself, holding a paper before him, and entirely concealing his face. He was so earnestly engaged in its perusal that we could converse in low tones without fear of interrupting him. By some chance, or providence, I know not which, Harry, who took a mischievous pleasure in declaring opinions directly the opposite of mine, recited the story of an ancient commander, who, in a time of great peril, yielded his own wishes to the prayers and tears of his family, although conscious that he was sacrificing his own life. He ended the story by saying emphatically: "In his place, I would not have yielded, had I been the brave-hearted Coriolanus, or simply Harry Leeform. To what purpose is our manhood given, if we must always bow to some weaker judgment? Deliver me both from man's and woman's dictation!" As he finished he looked up, and was startled by encountering the stranger's dark eyes fixed intently upon him. If I could read that

glance aright, there was deep pity in his heart for this mistaken youth, who expected to pass through life's complexity and see no dark hour when even a woman's feeble voice might be his salvation.

"Young man," he said, "I fear you do not measure your strength by the demands of life. We have no knowledge of the struggle in which we are to engage, while in a haven of peace and security. Action alone is the test of competency. Excuse me, but I feel compelled to speak, because I have experienced the value of the very dictation which you condemn. All men, sooner or later, meet temptation; but few, alas! are protected by the same *safeguard* as myself." He ceased speaking abruptly, seeing how Harry quailed beneath his earnest glance and his rebuking voice. It seemed that he used no trifling exertion to stay the torrent of words that had begun to burst from his lips. He would have succeeded; doubtless, had not uncle Edward entered the room in time to hear his concluding sentence.

"You are right," he said, anxious to resume the conversation. "Life is a more difficult journey than the young imagine. Although my own has been spent amid these quiet hills, with scarcely any change in its uniform current, I am well aware that powerful influences are evermore affecting the destiny of others. I can relate no interesting incidents from experience or observation; but you have mingled with the world, and are able, perhaps, to convince the incredulous that it has every-where concealed dangers. If so, even a few words of counsel to these young persons may be a lasting benefit. You know, sir, how simple are the agencies which Heaven sometimes employs to effect incalculable good." Thus addressed, the stranger glanced at us, as if to read our consent or disapproval.

"As you have hinted, I know something of the world," said he, "but I have never, and do not at present, assume the position of a guide. A few remarks as hastily uttered as those that I addressed to your son, are usually all that I venture to make. Eager as I am to correct the false views which the young not unfrequently entertain; the subject is so imbittered by recollections that I have kept locked in my own heart that which no one, however hardened, could listen to unmoved—the story of my own folly and rashness. From some influence my aversion of personal history is to-night removed; and I wish but to gain the consent of these young persons, before proceeding to relate it."

For myself, I was as anxious to hear as was uncle Edward; and so, I imagined, was Harry. He said nothing, but bowed gravely to express

his willingness. A few moments of silence passed, and our guest commenced his recital.

"I was not always, as now," he said, "a lonely wanderer, dependent upon strangers for all the happiness and sympathy of life. My first recollections are of a pleasant home, and kind parents, brothers, and sisters; but before the years of childhood had passed, my mother and myself were all that remained of our family. So I grew up under her care, and each day added new strength to the bond of affection that existed between us. I know not but all parents love alike; but hers seemed something uncommon, it led to such sacrifices for my sake. We were without fortune, but a mere pittance being left by my father; but by struggles which I am even now pained to remember, and in which I vainly begged my mother to desist, by the time I reached the age of eighteen I was much better educated than most young men who have far superior advantages. I now felt that I must commence the pursuit of fortune, and if I succeeded how happy would I make that idolized being whose life was given, unreservedly, to me! I had also to maintain an untarnished name, and to prove to my mother the power of innate virtue, without the aid of 'precept upon precept,' which, from my childhood, she had labored to fix within my memory. And here I made no greater mistake than many others, naturally as proud and independent as I was. There are thousands who believe that because they feel no disposition to become thieves, libertines, or drunkards, that prayer and counsel in their behalf is unnecessary and irksome. But I never revealed my thoughts by word or look, and only revered my mother the more for what I considered her mistaken solicitude.

"At this time a friend of mine, named George Malcom, was employed as a clerk in the city of C—, two hundred miles from our home. By his steady habits he had gained the confidence of his employers; therefore he was permitted to recommend some young person, with whose character he was thoroughly acquainted, to fill a similar situation. He wrote to me without delay, bidding me hasten to C— within a limited time, as the demand must be immediately met. My mother went calmly at work to prepare for my departure. Every thing in her power which could add to my comfort was hastily performed. In my presence she refrained from the least exhibition of sorrow, and employed every remaining opportunity in presenting to my mind the attractions of virtue and Christianity. At last the hour arrived when we must part. In that agony I realized in its true light all that I was leaving. Although my mind was filled with youth's ambi-

tious hopes, at that moment I would have given worlds, if possible, could I have been carried back to infancy, and through another life have dwelt in the light of her love and protection. Overcome with my emotions, I threw myself at her feet, and declared my determination never to leave her. She raised me calmly, and pointed to the carriage awaiting me at the door. This restored my fortitude, and I crossed the threshold, and, after a hasty farewell glance, was borne rapidly away. Strangers were around me, indifferent to my sorrows, indifferent to the grief which I felt was then revealing itself, in tears and groans, in our desolate home. For their careless eyes I maintained my forced calmness, and through the long day of our journey I was like a cold, mute statue, moving amid the bustle and confusion of active life. I saw continually before me a pale, patient face, and heard the faint 'God bless you,' the last effort of pent-up grief.

"When I arrived in the city, I saw the necessity of throwing off my sorrow, and of devoting all my energies to the duties of my situation. I endeavored to take a rational view of our separation, and to see in it the first necessary step to fortune and happiness. I soon had much outward assistance in carrying out my design. The young man whose life has been spent in the country, with scarcely any variation in its yearly routine, finds in such a change material for constant wonder and excitement. Here was life in forms of which, till now, I had had no conception. At every step I encountered some pleasing novelty, and not three months had elapsed after my arrival before I discovered a difference between the country and city, compared with which the leafless desert and Paradise itself were fitting examples.

"I had, as yet, done nothing which could be construed into a departure from the precepts of my mother. If any thing clouded my happiness, it was the conviction that a fellow-clerk, between whom and myself there had existed, from the first, a warm friendship, was pursuing a course which would ultimately end in his ruin. As he was several years my senior, and, I believed, in all respects my superior, I had not the courage to sound in his ear one note of warning. How little did I imagine that he was already pledged to the service of sin by an oath that prompted him to constant activity! There were few to whom he revealed so much of his character as to myself, and it was universally acknowledged that Oscar Hill possessed goodness, beauty, wit, and accomplishments—all so fatal in their influence when accompanied with a corrupt heart. I was not conscious, as months rolled away, of the power he was gradually gaining over me, such was the

fascination of his recklessness. He did not seek to hurl me by one decisive blow over the brink of ruin, but to lead me gently along, at first covering the thorns by the way with fragrant flowers, till, accustomed to their sharpness, my feet should madly tread them down, and hurry onward to the precipice. Thus was I illustrating the truth of the poet's description of vice:

'When seen too oft, familiar with its face,  
We first endure, then pity, then embrace.'

"Had I forgotten the counsels of my mother? Ah, no! Heaven is not slack concerning its promises. Every secret prayer, every sigh and tear, is beheld by the eye of Him who neither slumbers nor sleeps; and in his own time, he will convince the faithful of the depths of his love and compassion. I remembered her gentle warnings, but they had no power over me, for I was cherishing, as ever, that spirit of self-reliance which scorns both counsel and reproof. I said to myself, exultingly, 'I am a man, and fully qualified to be my own keeper!' I, a stranger to God, a mere child in worldly experience, uttering such blasphemy! O, we were indeed undone, should mercy fly from our scorn and insults.

"But if my mother's influence was lost upon me, another, of similar character, was acting in opposition to that of Hill's. All of this time George Malcom had been to me a faithful friend, and the hours that I spent in his home were the bright spots in the darkness which was gradually enveloping me. He had a sister, a gentle girl, as beautiful in form and features as she was lovely in character. All my self-reliance was subdued in her presence. She seemed so trusting, leaning upon the strong arm of her brother, that I instinctively worshiped her childlike dependence. Annie Malcom had no knowledge of the temptations to which I was yielding; and ere long we experienced the happiness of mutual love.

"A year had now passed since I came to C—; a year of mingled joy, excitement, and sorrow. I had written quite regularly to my mother, and, at her earnest request, was about to make her a visit. Much as I regretted leaving Annie, I felt an inexpressible joy in the prospect of again seeing my dear mother, and in the hope that a separation from temptation might save me, for my eyes were so far opened that I began to see the dark waters that were surging around me, and in which, with a very demon leading me on, I should soon be engulfed. The secret of that man's power I have since vainly tried to fathom. As it was, I was like wax in his hands, and even then, after one year of trial, he had molded me almost at his pleasure. Had a little longer time been given, he would have been satisfied with his

efforts. In the still midnight, when I dared not look upward to the holy stars, nor think of those two being so beloved, so deceived, he led me into scenes of dissipation, and placed to my lips the wine-cup, that unfailing agent of sin and despair. When the morning dawned we were again at our place of duty, enjoying the good opinion of our fellows, and wearing the counterfeit smiles of virtue and happiness. I dared not tell him of my intended return to the country, fearing that he might pursue me even there. So I kept it a secret, and longed for the arrival of the day that would free me from his thralldom.

"Hill had been a frequent visitor at the house of George Malcom, and had often excited my jealousy by boasting of the favor with which he was received by Annie. Although I had perfect confidence in her truth, I was annoyed by his words; and one evening, when in the heat of wine, as he ridiculed me before his companions upon my defeat and his success, a quarrel arose between us. It was the first time that I had ever ventured to oppose him, and after a warm dispute, which but faintly expressed the anger in both our hearts, I left the room, and unattended by my evil genius, sought my home. There I was confined a few days by sickness, and I determined, as soon as I was able, to go at once to my mother. Five days passed thus, and the morning of the sixth I had fixed for my departure. During this time I had not seen Annie Malcom, but her brother came to me twice to inquire after my health. By some means a rumor got abroad that Hill and I had quarreled about Annie; and the night before my intended departure, as I was preparing to make her a farewell visit, and, as much as possible, exculpate myself from blame, a note, written by her own hand, was sent me, full of expressions of love and tenderness. While I was reading this precious missive I heard a knock at my door, and opening it, I admitted a young man named Hardy, a bitter enemy to Hill, and a spectator of our dispute. He had come, he said, on an errand of charity, having something to communicate which related to my honor and courage. He whispered only a few words in my ear, but they aroused a demon in my heart. 'Here, a drink from this bottle, a pistol, and then revenge!' he exclaimed; and hastily obeying his orders, I followed him through the streets, while in my ears rung the words, 'miserable coward! jilted lover!' It seemed to me that not a moment had passed before I stood at a gaming-table, and encountered the eyes of Hill. In an instant a fiendish expression came over his handsome face, and he hurled at me the very epithets which Hardy had repeated. I calmly gave him the lie, when he sprang toward

me with clinched fists and attempted to strike. I had already seized a chair, and before he had time to execute his design he lay, half senseless, at my feet. Then a chorus of voices hissed in my ear, 'Kill him! kill him!' Hardy had thrust the pistol into the breast pocket of my coat. I drew it out, and with it came a piece of white paper, which floated down upon the very body of Hill. 'Annie's letter!' was my hasty thought, as I snatched it up and hurriedly glanced at the writing. Heavens! it was not hers! No; God permitted the voice of one whose love was hallowed by years of watchfulness and prayer to speak to me in that moment of peril. There was upon the paper, which for a year I had unconsciously carried, but a single line, 'If evil befall Benjamin, my gray hairs shall go down with sorrow to the grave.' In an instant the thought of what I was doing—the consequences to her, to Annie, to myself, flashed through my mind. It seemed as if all her prayers found in that sentence a voice of love, warning, and condemnation. The pistol fell from my nerveless hand. There was a loud report, followed by a stifled groan from Hill. In a moment I was seized and hurried out of the house. 'He is not dead?' I asked in an agony of suspense.

" 'I hope so,' was the careless answer.

" 'Leave me!' I imperiously demanded, struggling to free myself from their hands.

" 'Very well—then take care of yourself!' was the rejoinder, and I was left alone.

"Take care of myself! how mockingly it sounds! Had I not been doing so for a whole year, and now, perhaps, I was a murderer. Words can not express my feelings as I wandered, during the long hours of night, in the silence and darkness. Physical danger was unthought of, but a sense of the shame, disappointment, and agony which I had prepared for others tortured me almost beyond endurance. At last I went mechanically in the direction of the water, thinking, with a shudder, of its depth and calmness. How trifling would be the sacrifice of a worthless life, could I thus expiate its sins! But, alas! 'the evil that men do lives after them,' and often possesses even more vitality when its originators are silent and motionless.

"I was wandering about upon the wharf, sometimes peering down into the dark waters, then clinging eagerly to whatever support was near, when I was accosted thus by a rough, kind voice, 'Hillo, shipmate! in a gale, hey?' I looked around. Light had begun to dawn in the east, and objects were plainly visible. Just at my side was the portly form of a sailor, and as my eyes met his he scrutinized me closely, then lifting his hat respectfully he exclaimed, 'Why, it's



Mr. Ben Damon! your hand, sir, and your trouble, too, if you can trust it with an honest sailor.' What could I do but accept his frank proposal, and throw myself upon his kindness? I had made his acquaintance a few days before as he assisted in the landing of some goods belonging to my employers. In a few words I told him all. 'Cheer up!' he exclaimed, 'the good ship Agnes sails at sunrise. We can stow you away in that if you will accept the berth of a common sailor.'

"I will go in any capacity," I answered eagerly, and by ten o'clock that day I was watching the receding spires of the city, with increasing faintness of heart, as they became less and less discernible in the dim distance.

"Some sailors who had passed the previous night on shore, brought news of an affray in a gaming-house, in which one of the party was seriously but not fatally wounded. By an indifferent inquiry I was assured that Hill and myself were the persons referred to; and in my heart I thanked God for the relief which this intelligence afforded.

"It was six o'clock at night—my mother's hour of prayer. I stole out upon the silent deck and kneeled down in the darkness. I felt that at that very moment she was bearing that unworthy name to the throne of Mercy, and these beautiful lines, sung so often by our fireside, came to my mind:

'There is a scene where spirits blend,  
Where friend holds fellowship with friend;  
Though sundered far, by faith they meet  
Around one common mercy-seat.'

Could I not meet my dear mother in prayer? In prayer! and I a villain, almost a murderer! It would have been offering direct insult to Heaven. I did not understand in my blindness, that the intense longing for innocence which I experienced was acceptable to Him; but my faith now rejoices in the belief that even a tear of the sincerely penitent is not unnoticed in the great ocean of his love. I went through my daily duties with as much cheerfulness as possible, but I could not rid myself of the haunting presence of the misery I had caused. How anxiously would my mother watch for my coming! And would she go down with sorrow to the grave at the intelligence that I had gone, none knew whither? I knew that George Malcom, the only person of whom she would inquire, would never pierce her heart by revealing the cause of my flight. In the mean time I improved every opportunity for sending letters homeward; but not one of them, as I afterward learned, ever reached her. Fate still pursued me with the persistency of a demon.

"When we reached our destination, Southern

Europe, I was seized with a violent fever, and was only saved from death by the kindness and liberality of the ship's crew. But I did not recover my strength, and after a few weeks I was alone in a foreign land, destitute of every thing but despair. I will not weary you with an account of the want and misery that followed. It is sufficient to say, that not till five years of wanderings and sufferings had passed was I permitted to see again the shores of my native land.

"It was a beautiful evening in Autumn when I stood before the humble dwelling of my mother. I could perceive no change in the outward appearance of the place. A light was shining through the curtained window of our little sitting-room, and I peered anxiously in to catch, if possible, the shadow of my mother's form in her accustomed seat. My heart was nearly bursting with pent-up emotions, but to linger longer without would only have increased its fullness. I lifted the latch, and entering the room, glanced eagerly at its two occupants. She was not there! A horrible suspicion flashed through my mind, and in a despairing voice I articulated her name. From an adjoining room came her clear voice—'Benjamin!' The next instant I was by her bedside. She fixed her mild eyes upon me with a look of unutterable love, then with a joyful smile lifted them upward, and with the gently-murmured prayer, 'Lord, now lettest thou thy servant depart in peace, according to thy word,' she passed from earthly pain into the rest of the glorified in heaven. I fell powerless by the bedside, but uttered no cry. When crushed by the judgment of God, shall mortal man dare to murmur? He had reserved this agony to try still further my rebellious spirit. I saw his hand, I was convinced of his justice, and, in time, I worshiped him as my Father.

"Years have rolled away since then. My brow is furrowed, and my hair marked with many a silver thread. I know not what might have been my life had I been blessed till now with my mother's presence, and the companionship of my dear Annie. Perhaps their holy influence would have resulted in making me more sympathizing, more charitable, and more devoted to my Heavenly Father. Yet even now there is no sorrow in the thought of soon entering into the vale of years. And if, in the vicissitudes of life, I sometimes experience unbelief and temptation, I visit in imagination a humble church-yard, where, under a waving willow, is a simple stone bearing the inscription, 'My Mother.' There I behold myself about to brand my brow with the curse of Cain. An angel appears and places her hand upon my heart. I am saved! and I go back to

worldly duties thanking God that from my afflictions came forth such a priceless *safeguard*."

The stranger's story was ended. I brushed away my blinding tears and glanced at uncle Edward. The old man was gazing at his son with the light of hope in his eye. Never before had we seen Harry Leeford so affected; and I have faith to believe that this lesson of experience, hallowed by our prayers, created an impression upon his mind which revealed itself in his succeeding life of honor and usefulness.

### CAPTAIN DAVENPORT'S WILL.

BY VIRGINIA F. TOWNSEND.

"**T**WENTY-FIVE thousand dollars for a new town library, my dear sir! Your name will be handed down to posterity with blessings," said Judge Parker, and he leaned forward on his gold-headed cane, and looked at his friend with a smile that was pleasant to see—pleasant, because Judge Parker, though he was in the autumn of his life, had one of those fine, thoughtful, benignant faces which a smile arouses and beautifies, as the Indian Summer does the face of the old, sodden, weary year. It was an afternoon lying somewhere betwixt the opening and the middle of April, and the buds had begun to swell on the boughs; and in the early mornings you could hear the sweet birds filling the air with the songs they had left unfinished in the Autumn.

Judge Parker sat by the window of the large, old-fashioned, but pleasant house, whose owner had been for a score and a half of years his personal friend and client, and the latter sat at the opposite window, and the sunshine wandered and lost itself amid the gray hairs of the two old men. A gratified expression stole into the eyes of Judge Parker's host. They were shrewd, gray eyes under deep, shaggy eyebrows, and the whole face, wrinkled and weather-beaten though it was, had a keen, intelligent look.

"I shall be glad to do some little good with my money," said Captain Davenport; "I've worked long and hard for it; but I s'pose it won't do me any good much longer, and younger folks than I will have to take the benefit of it."

"I do n't like to hear you say that, Captain Davenport," answered the Judge, in a voice slightly above its usual level; for his host was somewhat deaf. "I hope you and I are good for a dozen years more."

Captain Davenport shook his white head mournfully. "You have n't grown old as I have, my friend, within the last five years. I've had a tougher life than you, and I find that every

Spring takes something from my strength; and when a man has seen his seventy-third birthday, he do n't count much on what the future'll bring him."

"What you say is true, my friend," said Judge Parker, leaning back in his chair in that sort of mild, moralizing frame which beguiles many an hour when life is falling into its shadows. "We're both of us old men, and our sands are well-nigh run."

"And it's been on my mind a good deal of late, that I ought to make my will while I'm in comfortable health and have my reason; and I thought I'd consult you about it a little, as I have n't child or wife, or any near relatives, to whom I can leave the hundred thousand dollars I've been a life long in getting together."

Captain Davenport could not, on the whole, have selected a better counselor. Judge Parker was quite certain that he should be generously remembered in his old friend's will; moreover, he was in easy, if not affluent circumstances—his two daughters had both married wealthy men—and as he was a man of kindly feelings and honorable instincts, there was no reason why he should not give his old friend wise and unselfish advice respecting the disposition of his property.

So the Captain and the Judge settled upon a variety of small public and private bequests, and at last the Judge inquired, "Have you no relations—distant cousins, or nephews and nieces that you'd like to remember, Captain Davenport?"

The old sailor leaned his rugged face on hands browned still with the hard toil of his youth. "There do n't any strike me just now," he said. "My wife had a host of relatives, but they were all pretty well to do in the world, and I have n't much notion of leaving my money to folks that would only be in a little more haste to have the earth shoveled over me if they knew it. I've left her oldest nephew ten thousand dollars for his aunt's sake."

"And you have no other relatives or friends of your youth to whom you would like to leave a remembrance? It is n't often, Captain, money goes a begging like this," and the old Judge laughed a mellow, hearty laugh at his small joke.

But Captain Davenport did not echo it. He sat still, his face settled into a puzzled, reflective gravity, and his eyes unconsciously studying the figures on the carpet.

At last the old man looked up suddenly with a very eager memory glowing all over his face and smoothing the furrows about his mouth, and it seemed as though half a score of years had been suddenly struck off from his life.

"There was my second cousin, Donald Wolcott. I'd quite forgotten him."

"I never heard you mention the name, Captain."

"Quite likely not. It's between forty and fifty years since I lost track of him. He came to see me and offered his congratulations when I was appointed Captain of the 'Leviathan,' just before she was sent on her first trip to India. He had not been very fortunate in business, and at last made up his mind to go West and settle there."

"He was an especial friend of yours, Captain," pursued the Judge.

"We were boys together, though I can't make myself believe that if Donald Wolcott is above ground this day, he's an old, gray-haired man; that his limbs are stiff, and his steps slow as my own."

"And for the sake of these long-gone memories you want to leave him?"

"No; not for that simply," interrupted the old Captain. "Donald did me a great favor once, and though it's over sixty years ago I have n't forgotten it."

"Let us have it, Captain?" said the Judge, for like most old men he was fond of a story.

Captain Davenport leaned his arm on the table; the sunshine of a year that was still in its youth fluttered softly amid his white locks; a new light came over the old man's face as his memory walked through its long, long path of threescore years, to the green headlands of his boyhood.

"You know, Judge, that my father died before I'd seen my sixth birthday, and he left nothing for his family but the yellow-brown house, whose west windows looked out on the bay, and I believe it was at those windows, watching the waves as they came in white flocks to the beach, that I got my first love for the sea.

"There were only three of us, and my mother managed to take in a little sewing; and so, in one way and another, we kept soul and body together till I mounted my thirteenth year, and was put out as 'chore boy' on a farm about two miles from my home.

"My sister was three years younger than I; and though I always had a fancy for a pretty face, and knew it too whenever I came across it; and though I've seen such in almost every nation that the sun shines upon, I never found one that could beat that of my little sister, Mary Davenport. She was small like her mother, with a kind of brown hair, that had a trick of running into light and shade, just as her eyes had of changing from deep blue into dark gray: and she had a mouth that was just like a peach blossom ready to fall in May, and it was set in the midst

of dimples and smiles that were always coming and going, like the May sunshine over newly-sprouting wheat-fields. She was three years younger than I, and I set great store by her."

"I do n't doubt it, Captain," answered the Judge, awaiting with interest the farther developments of the story.

"Well, that Summer that I left home Mary saw her eleventh birthday; and one Saturday afternoon when I'd got leave to visit mother she came dancing out to meet me, her bright curls tossing about her face, and her eyes just like a deep well of water when the sunrise first strikes into it. 'O, Stephen!' she said, 'I've got something good to tell you,' and it seems as though I could feel the touch of those soft, young arms about my neck this minute, though it'll be fifty-three years next Autumn that the grass has grown brown above them," and the old Captain's voice faltered as he said these words, and the old Judge's face looked grave as he sat listening with his hands on the top of the golden-headed cane which he held.

"Well, we sat down, my little sister and I, under the butternut-tree, and she told me that her school was going to have a grand picnic in two weeks, and they were going to have a rostrum built in old 'Squire Peek's farm grove, and all the girls were to be dressed for the seasons, and to personate Spring, Summer, Autumn, Winter. And Mary was to lead the band of girls that made Summer, and to wear a white dress, and a crown of roses and green leaves, and to speak a poem. How full of delight the child was! and I entered eagerly into her pleasure and promised to manage my chores so that I could be present, and there was nothing talked of all the time I was at home but the picnic; for mother was as pleased about it as either of us, and promised to get Mary a white dress, all ruffled and tucked off for the occasion.

"It must have been about three days after that that I ran home one morning to carry mother a basket of eggs I'd earned by doing 'over-work,' and have a talk with Mary about the picnic, but when I went into the kitchen I found her seated on the old oak chest, sobbing as if her heart would break.

"I was n't long in finding out what the trouble was. Our mother had been taking in plain sewing for a man who had run off and left her in debt, and there was no way for Mary to have her new white dress for the picnic.

"'What shall I do!' sobbed the poor child. 'I shall be so ashamed to have the girls all know it; and then I'd got my piece all ready to speak, and now I shall have to stay at home and think of them all having such a good time in the grove.'

and here she cried again as though her heart would break.

"How much will the white dress cost, little sister?" I asked, for I sympathized deeply with her trouble.

"Mother said she'd get it out with four dollars; but where is that to come from, Stephen?"

"I have n't got but one in the world. If it was four you should have it quick as wink, Mary."

"Mother felt so bad last night she cried too," said the little girl, as though sympathy in her trouble was the only relief she could look for now. You know children must be children, Judge."

"Yes, I know," nodded the Judge.

"Well, there was no help for it. I could n't stay but a few minutes, for it was time for me to get back to my work, and I kissed Mary and offered her what poor comfort of words and sympathy I could, and left the basket of eggs for mother, who happened to be away, and I went back, carrying a heavy heart because of my little sister's disappointment through that bright Summer morning.

"The next day I went down to the store on some errand for Deacon Peters, and it was warm and my basket was heavy, and I sat down by the roadside under a tree, and the thought of my little sister came over me, sitting all alone at home with a grief that was so heavy her little heart could hardly bear it, and my eyes swelled with great tears as I said, 'Poor Mary! poor Mary!'

"What's that, Stephen?" said a loud, clear voice close to my ear, and turning around I saw my old schoolmate and cousin, Donald Wolcott. We had always been the best of friends, for there was not a year's difference in our ages, and Donald was a bright, generous, whole-souled boy, that every body liked.

"Are you in trouble, Stephen?" he asked, throwing himself on the grass and looking into my eyes with his bright, bold black ones.

"Nothing very serious—at least not for myself," I said, pulling off the dandelion blossoms as fast as I could, for I was ashamed that Donald had seen my tears.

"Yes you are in trouble, Stephen Davenport. Just out with it now. It may be that I can help you."

"No you can't, Donald."

"Do n't be sure till you've told me; come now," and the bright face was full of sympathy as it confronted mine, and at last Donald overcame my reluctance, and I told him all about the picnic and Mary's disappointment.

"It's too bad, Stephen. If I only had the

money now. But I have n't, and no way to get it either."

"That's just the way with me, Donald; but I feel so sorry for Mary. It'll almost break her heart."

"Donald sat very still and thoughtful for some time, pulling up the spires of grass and winding them around his fingers. At last he looked up with a new light on his face, and striking me on the arm said, 'I say, Stephen, there's those gold sleeve-buttons uncle Jerry brought me home from his last voyage. You can sell 'em for four dollars, and you shall get the dress and little Mary shall go to the picnic.'

"O, Donald, you're a good fellow, but I can't take your sleeve buttons."

"What's the reason, I'd like to know? They belong to me, and nobody'll ever know it. Squire Deming's son offered me four dollars only last week for 'em, and I do n't care very much about 'em."

"It was a long time before I consented to take the buttons, but Donald would not hear of an excuse, and that very day the boy sold the buttons and brought me the money."

"The next night I carried it home to Mary, and have never forgotten how she danced and capered with joy, the great tears pouring down her cheeks, when I opened my hand and showed her the four dollars, and told her she should go to the picnic and wear a white dress and her crown of roses."

The old Captain paused here and the tears stood bright on his withered cheeks, and the tears too stood still in the eyes of Judge Parker.

At last the old man rose and walked up and down the room, and the green banks of his boyhood shone bright and clear along the swift current of his memory.

"Judge Parker," he said, "I do n't know this day whether Donald Wolcott is in heaven above or on earth beneath; but I shall make my will to-morrow, and I shall leave to him or his heirs ten thousand dollars for the gift he made to my little sister sixty years ago."

"I wish it was in my power to send you to college, Andrew; but it is n't, and the wishing won't do you any good, my boy."

She said it—the pale, gentle-faced woman—with a half-yearning, half-regretful smile, which would have borne witness at the first glance that she was the mother of the youth who had just passed his nineteenth Summer; him who looked up from the carpet, whose pattern his eyes had been studying for the last half hour with an absorbed, half-troubled expression.

He smiled on his mother, knowing well it was



not so much her acuteness as her solicitous tenderness which had penetrated his thoughts.

"Well, mother, nobody doubts your good-will on this matter; but as you have n't the money and as I must go to college, I shall have to pay my own way through, as many a wiser and better man than I has done."

The mother looked at the slender figure—at the pale, thoughtful, scholarly face, which, with stronger lines and sharper profile, repeated her own. "But it will be a long, hard task for you, Andrew. You never were very strong, or able to endure a great deal."

"Well, I must look the truth square in the face, hard as it is, and make the best of it."

The tones were brave and cheerful, and yet the mother felt that away down in her boy's heart there dwelt a conviction which indorsed her words.

"If your dear father had only lived you would n't have had any trouble about going to college," sighed Mrs. Wolcott.

"Or if his debtors had not taken advantage of you, because you were a woman and knew nothing about business matters, we should never have had to sell the farm," subjoined Andrew Wolcott.

"I believe it would have killed your grandfather, Andrew, if he had known how that farm was to go. He set such store by it."

"I do n't doubt it. Poor old grandfather! He thought he 'd secured it nicely for me; but after all I should have had to sell the farm and gone to college."

"Yes, you was cut out for a scholar," answered the mother, looking with pride and tenderness on her boy.

"Andrew, you know I'm going to teach school next year, and I shall save all the money to help you through college."

It was a young, clear voice that wound in here, and a young face that came betwixt the mother and her son—a face where roses bloomed and azure eyes shone full of smiles and hope.

"You look rather small to take such a mountain on your shoulders, Minnie," said the brother as he slipped his arm around his sister's waist. At that moment there was a loud summons at the door, and Minnie, who had answered it, returned in a few moments, bringing with her a letter for her mother in a strange handwriting.

It was evident, by the looks of surprise which filled the trio of faces, that Mrs. Wolcott was not very much in the habit of receiving strange letters.

"Your eyes are better than mine, Andrew," she said, giving the letter into her son's hands.

Andrew Wolcott opened the sheet, and read to his breathless auditors that Captain Davenport,

of Roxbury, Massachusetts, had bequeathed to Donald Wolcott, or his heirs, the sum of ten thousand dollars. The letter was from Judge Parker, who had been appointed executor of the will of his deceased friend, and he informed Mrs. Wolcott of the circumstances which had induced Captain Davenport to make this bequest to the playmate of his boyhood; adding that the old gentleman had died of paralysis some two weeks after relating the story of Donald Wolcott's gift.

They sat there—the small family, in their small cottage home, on the edge of the prairie, and looked in, mute wonder in each other's faces, for the good tidings had come too suddenly, and all expected to wake and find them a dream.

At last Mrs. Wolcott spoke, drawing her hand slowly across her forehead: "I remember hearing your grandfather speak of Stephen Davenport, and I thought he was much attached to him when they were boys."

"But mamma, Andrew," exclaimed Minnie, her blue eyes wide with wonder, "is it really true that we are such rich folks; worth ten thousand dollars?"

"The letter says so, little sister."

"And now you can go to college, and I can go to school instead of teaching, and mamma can put her sewing-machine away that makes her side ache so, for we're worth ten thousand dollars—only to think of it—only to think of it!"

And the whole three laughed and cried for joy.

And when they got a little calm Minnie said, "How glad I am that grandpa gave those sleeve-buttons to Captain Davenport! He little thought what good would come of it, long after he was dead and gone."

"And O! dear children," said the soft voice of Mrs. Wolcott, "let the good fortune which God has sent to our need be a lesson that our hearts shall never forget—that our deeds shall follow us, whether for good or for evil, long after the grass has grown green upon our graves. Your grandfather had forgotten that generous deed of his boyhood, but God had not, and now, after so many years, it has borne its fair and goodly fruits in Captain Davenport's will, and we, the widow and the orphan, have gathered them. Blessed be the name of our Father in heaven, who has not forgotten his promises!"

And the setting sun shone like a great fiery blossom across the prairies, and filled with the light of its dying smile the room where the hearts of the grateful household uttered their praise and their prayer.

HE who receives a kindness should never forget it; he who does one should never remember it.

## REV. GLEZEN FILLMORE.

BY REV. S. HUNT.

THERE, reader, is the face of a good-natured, honest, Christian man, and for more than half a century past a successful Christian minister. Although in early life he was so thin that consumption looked upon him with confident expectation as an early victim, yet that full, well-proportioned form, settling down the scales when placed at the liberal figure of two hundred and twenty-eight, show very conclusively that, whatever of *consumption* there has been, *he* has not been the object consumed. That genial countenance infallibly indicates the same good heart, whether at home or abroad, in the conference room or pulpit.

Rev. Glezen Fillmore was born in Bennington, Vermont, December 22, 1789. While yet an infant his parents removed to New York State, which has been his home and scene of labors for about threescore and ten years, and in which his bones are to repose when an authoritative summons shall call him from earth. In 1809 he removed to his present place of residence, having an exhorter's license. He was married and licensed to preach the same year. Though he spent the first nine years of his ministerial life as a local preacher, his name and history are probably more intimately connected with the rise and spread of Methodism in Western New York than those of any other man, living or dead.

Peter Van Nest was the first Methodist preacher appointed to this part of the State. The Minutes show that in 1807 he was sent by the Philadelphia Conference to the "Holland Purchase" as a missionary. He forded the Genesee River where the city of Rochester now stands, and came ten miles westward to a house dignified with the name of a "tavern." Upon inquiring for lodgings he was asked if he was the Methodist preacher who had recently been sent to that part of the country. On receiving an affirmative reply, the landlord very politely informed him he could not keep him—that he was not wanted in those parts. He assured the landlord that he called only as a traveler, and proposed to behave as well and pay his bill as any other man. He was finally allowed to stay. It is but justice to the testy landlord to say that before the minister left he had prayed with the family, and was urged to make the place a home free of charge whenever it suited his convenience. This was but two years before Mr. Fillmore commenced his labors on this field as Methodist preacher. He was, without doubt, the first clergyman of any denomination who received his

license in New York State west of the Genesee River.

The sphere of his operations was somewhat limited by the war of 1812-14, and yet if some of the itinerants of this day, even with all the facilities for travel now furnished, were sent to as large a circuit as he then traversed, we suspect they would deem it a sufficient reason for locating. During the war public attention was so diverted from religious matters that but little progress could be made, and yet, as circumstances permitted, he prosecuted his work. He was also at this time a steward of the circuit, whose bounds were not very accurately defined. The following record may be found in the stewards' book referring to this period:

"Owing to the British invasion, the burning of Buffalo, and the threatened spreading calamities of war, a general flight of the inhabitants of Niagara county, took place, and, consequently, the quarterly meeting was not held; but after the return the following collections and disbursements were made. The aggregate is \$21.25."

His father's house served the double purpose of a hospital and storehouse for the army. The cabin in which he and "aunt Vina" lived at this time was at some distance from that of any other human being, and yet they were by no means alone. Bears and wolves were companions, with which, whether agreeable or not, they were quite familiar. On one occasion as a preacher was staying over night he was serenaded with a style of music to which he had not been accustomed. On being informed it was a "wolf concert," and seeing only a blanket at the door for security, he inquired with evident alarm whether they could climb into the loft in which he proposed to sleep. He regarded it proof of a special providence that all were found safe the next morning.

In 1818 Mr. Fillmore joined the Genesee Conference, which then covered all Central and Western New York, Upper and Lower Canada, and large portions of Pennsylvania. His first appointment was "Buffalo and Black-Rock." He formed a class in the city of six or eight members, but no place of worship. There was no church building at this time of any denomination, either in the city or on the "Holland Purchase," excepting one log house used as such by the Presbyterians near Caledonia. The Episcopalians occupied the school-house, and the Presbyterians the court-house. Mr. Fillmore obtained permission to use the school-house when not wanted by the Episcopalians. His meetings were held at sunrise and in the evening. His congregations soon became so large as to alarm the good conscientious pastor of the Presbyte-

rian flock. He sought an interview with Mr. Fillmore, and politely requested him to leave the city. Others had possession of the ground, and the place was not large enough to support more preachers than were already located there. Mr. Fillmore informed him that he was sent there by the Conference, and he could not leave on any account.

"Well, sir," said the minister, "you can not be supported here."

"Well, I will then preach without a support."

Finding his first attempt unsuccessful, he resorted to other dignified means to drive the young intruder from the city. He suddenly discovered that the school-house would be an admirable place for a Presbyterian prayer meeting on Sabbath evening. Those who controlled the house readily indorsed the suggestion, and the Methodists were ejected. By this measure Mr. Fillmore was driven to the necessity of building the first church ever erected in the city. In sixty days it was completed. After two years full of interest he left a membership of eighty-two. He received during the time two hundred and twenty dollars. In 1821 he was appointed presiding elder of the Erie district. This little district then extended from Lake Ontario to Meadville, Pennsylvania, and was nearly as wide as the whole of Genesee Conference now is; and yet his appointments were filled with punctuality and success.

The most remarkable years of his ministry were spent in Rochester in 1830 and 1831. Such a revival has seldom if ever been known in the history of our Church. The effects of it are still felt, not only in that city but in many portions of the land. As the result of the revival nine hundred were added to the Church!

About three-fourths of his ministerial life has been spent on districts as a presiding elder. Hence he has become familiar with extensive portions of the work in his Conference. Five times he has been called upon by the suffrages of his brethren to represent them in the General Conference. No man commands the respect of the entire community, in which he has resided for more than fifty years, more than he. It has been his rare fortune to spend a life usefully, and yet to retire from its active duties without a known enemy. When it was known about two years since that he no longer felt able to do the work of an itinerant, his friends in various directions, by agreement, made him a visit, presenting at the same time testimonials of their high regard. When the company were collected together they numbered two thousand. An elegant table was spread in a grove by the community, and bountifully furnished. A little inci-

dent in connection with this gathering is worth noticing, because characteristic of his uniform good nature. Among other things presented was a magnificent rose-wood chair, accompanied with a speech, in which he was advised to rest his weary limbs after so long a life of activity and toil. The speaker ingeniously remarked that there was but one chair, while his aged and ever-faithful companion was in equal need. As the speaker anticipated, two or three friends took the hint, and he was notified that another of equal value would be forthcoming for her. "Then," said the old gentleman, "mine will give me double comfort."

He took occasion to publicly acknowledge his dependence in many instances on her fidelity and assistance in order to his success. He remarked that "for her sake he had never been required to miss an appointment." Their "golden wedding" was celebrated in September, 1859.

It may not be proper to specify traits of character with minuteness while the subject of them is still living. It will not be out of place, however, to name one which contributed largely to give him his uniform success. His promptitude was remarkable. Whatever the weather or the difficulties in the way, he was uniformly on hand to begin his meetings precisely at the hour announced. It was not unusual for him to remain on his district four years and not miss a single appointment or be five minutes behind time at one of them. He never missed a session of his Conference, and it is doubtful whether he was ever absent from his seat an hour, excepting at one session, when he was prevented by an accident received while in attendance. As a Methodist he has always been unwaveringly true to the Church, though he has passed through several secessions. Experience made him decidedly conservative on various questions which from time to time have agitated the Church. In earlier life he was an ardent friend, and patron, and trustee of a cherished literary institution in our midst, and retired only when others had been raised up to share the burden he had so long and so cheerfully borne. With a good degree of vigor he still remains among us, loved and venerated by the thousands whom he has served during the fifty years past, and we devoutly hope and pray that that event may be far distant after which a more minute history may be proper, and a more extended notice given of those elements of character which have given him such success as a Christian minister.

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THE velocity with which time flies is infinite, as is most apparent to those who look back.—*Seneca*.

**CARBONIFEROUS TRANSFORMATIONS.**

BY T. D. BENNETT.

WE will introduce carbon to our readers as a brilliant substance taken from the bosom of mother earth. There it has rested nearly unchanged since the great coal formation. Our object is to show some of the numerous forms it may assume and the offices it may perform. If we place it in the stove, by the influence of heat it is changed to gas, a deadly poison to all animal life but very nourishing to vegetables. The foliage of trees and the leaves of plants take it up and change it into a part of their structure, returning it to us in valuable oaks and pines, in beautiful flowers, in luscious fruit, and in golden grain. Man eats the fruit and the grain, and thus it enters his system, making up the bones and muscles of the hardy laborer, the nerves and brain of the statesman and scholar, prompting the flash of wit and the blaze of eloquence.

To-day carbon may assist the pent-up powers of the earthquake, causing the granite foundation beneath us to vibrate and wave like the tempest-tost sea, or it may sweep through our cities licking up every thing in its terrible devastating march. In a few days it may fan us in the breeze, fall in genial showers, flow in the beautiful transparent stream, or rush over the headlong cataract into the foaming abyss below.

By carefully studying the vegetable and animal kingdoms we find carbon enters into the formation of every tissue, while it composes almost wholly some vegetable and anatomical elements, such as oil, fat, starch, gum, and like substances. Diamond is pure carbon. Charcoal, oil, sugar, starch, etc., as much as they seem to differ, are very similar, and, in nature's laboratory, easily changed from one to another. However worthless we may consider bits of charcoal or a candle-snuff, they are almost diamonds. They need but the touch of the Great Chemist to change them into marble, limestone, black-lead; into a part of every species of shell, every plant that grows, every animal that lives, and most every part of plants and animals. Yes, there is charcoal—or carbon—in the fairest hand, the most reliant arm, in the finest molded features, and in the unrivaled luster of the most sparkling eye, as well as in the most loathsome insect and scaly reptile. When the fuel gradually disappears in your stove, or the oil in your lamp, think not they are gone forever, for in less than twelve months they may sparkle in the eyes of a rival beauty, or be transformed into luscious fruit, tempting us by the way-side, or delicious bread and cakes steaming on the tea-table.

In nature nothing is lost, but every thing is continually changing. This every-day transformation from minerals to vegetables, from vegetables to man, and back through the continual circuit, is a theme worthy of our calmest considerations.

**THE COMING OF THE SPRING.**

BY EMILY J. ADAMS.

Lo, she comes with smiles and blushes,  
Breath of fragrance, lip of song!  
Tripping o'er the bending rushes,  
See her as she glides along.  
Her warm feet amid the grasses  
Touch anew the secret springs  
Of existence as she passes,  
Giving life to hidden things.

As if laden large with blessings,  
Comes she with a lingering tread,  
While beneath her warm caressings  
Hang the blossoms blushing red.  
Waxing wanton with his blisses  
Comes the errant wind at will,  
Stealing from her cheek the kisses,  
Eager for his wand'ring still.

Woods have waved their greetings to her,  
And the young leaves crowd to meet,  
While united voices woo her  
With their words of welcome sweet.  
Through the air the tuneful humming  
Of incessant music rings  
As, awakened by her coming,  
Lift unnumbered shining wings.

Anxious for her swifter speeding,  
We have waited day by day,  
But uncaring and unheeding  
She has lingered by the way;  
Loitering where the Alabama  
Glides among the southern bloom,  
And each evergreen savanna  
Tempted with beauty and perfume;

Where the nights are never dreary  
And the days are bright and long,  
And the birds seem never weary  
Of their endless tide of song;  
But no gayer, gladder greeting  
Hath she met upon her way  
Than that which shall mark our meeting  
On this bright and happy day.

**WEALTH.**

To purchase heaven has gold the power?  
Can gold remove the mortal hour?  
In life can love be bought with gold?  
Are friendship's pleasures to be sold?  
No—all that's worth a wish—a thought,  
Fair virtue gives unbribed, unbought.  
Cease then on trash thy hopes to bind,  
Let nobler views engage thy mind.



# THE EDITOR'S REPOSITORY.

## Scripture Cabinet.

THE WAY TO REACH OUR DESTINY.—“*But I follow after, if that I may apprehend that for which also I am apprehended of Christ Jesus.*” Phil. iii, 12.

However diversified the opinions of men in religion, all are agreed that none here arrive at their true destiny—that they do not come up to the full ends of their existence. They are conscious of desires unfulfilled—powers undeveloped—obligations undischarged. They feel the great disparity between the ideal man and the actual—the abstract and concrete—the felt *ought* and the palpable *is*. The question, therefore, how shall we come up to the true mark of our being—reach that point where every power shall find employ, every desire gratified, and every aspiration restored?—must be one of general interest. Our text will help to a solution of this question. The word “apprehend” means to grasp; it is used in allusion to the eagerness with which the winner in the Grecian race seized the pole which marked the end of the course. The passage, therefore, expresses that Christ had taken hold upon Paul for some specific object, and that the apostle’s grand aim was to take hold upon that object. These two things are essential to the realization of every man’s true destiny.

I. In order to reach our true destiny, Christ must lay hold on our being. There are several forces in society laying hold of men—ambition, avarice, business, superstition, pleasure. One or other of these grasps and possesses most men. How does Christ lay hold of men? Not miraculously, but by the laws of moral influence—by appealing to the great moving impulses of our *spiritual* constitution. 1. He appeals to the *sense of truth* within us. This is a power which repudiates manifest error, and receives manifest truth. The mathematician and philosopher take hold of men through this sense. No being makes such a mighty appeal to this as Christ. 2. He appeals to the *sense of right*. There is a conscience in man: he that can enlist its sympathies will grasp the man. Christ does it—all consciences are with him. 3. He appeals to the *sense of beauty*. A sense of the beautiful is no mean element in our spirits: the landscape, the painting, the hero, often take hold of us through this faculty. Christ is moral beauty. “How great is his beauty!” 4. He appeals to the *sense of gratitude*. Through this faculty, how the benefactor grasps the beneficiary! Christ gave himself for us. Thus, by appeals to our nature, he takes hold of us as the magnet takes hold of the steel—as the Spring sun takes hold of the seed which the husbandman has deposited in the soil, gives it a new life, and draws it up toward itself.

II. In order to reach your destiny, you must take hold of Christ’s design—you must grasp that for which

he grasps you. Two facts are implied here. 1. That Christ has a specific aim in laying hold of men. What is it? We answer briefly, to make them *the subjects and agents of moral goodness*. To be good is to have the disposition—spirit—of Christ. No goodness without this. He who is its subject will be its agent—the man who is good will do good. 2. That the realizing of this aim requires our concentrated efforts. “I follow after,” “I press,” etc. To get moral goodness, or the spirit of Christ, demands labor. Assimilation requires imitation—imitation requires love—love requires knowledge—knowledge requires deep study of the model and constant intercourse with it.

Has Christ taken hold of thee, my friend? If so, seek practically to take hold of his design—to become like him—and thou shalt be raised to his throne *ere* long. If he has not taken hold of thee, it is thy fault—thou hast eluded his moral grasp. There are no stronger moral forces than those that he brings to bear upon thee in the Gospel. Continue to resist these, and down to depths thou shalt sink from which there is no redemption!

THE TWO MITES OF THE WIDOW.—“*And there came a certain poor widow, and she threw in two mites, which make a farthing.*” Mark xii, 42.

The fire at Ratcliffe, in July, 1794, was more destructive, and consumed more houses, than any conflagration since the memorable fire of London in 1666. Out of twelve hundred houses, not more than five hundred and seventy were preserved. The distress of the miserable inhabitants was beyond description, not less than one thousand, four hundred persons being thrown on the benevolence of the public; nor was it slow in their support. Government immediately sent one hundred and fifty tents for the wretched sufferers. The city subscribed £1,000 for their relief, and Lloyd’s £700. The East India Company also gave £210. The collection from the visitants who crowded to see the encampment, amounted to upward of £800, of which £426 was in copper, including £38 14s. in *farthings*! each a poor man’s mite.

FORGIVING TRESPASSES.—“*And when ye stand praying, forgive, if ye have aught against any: that your Father also which is in heaven may forgive you your trespasses.*” Mark xi, 25.

A wealthy planter in Virginia, who had a great number of slaves, found one of them reading the Bible, and reproved him for neglect of his work, saying, there was time enough on Sundays for reading the Bible, and that on other days he ought to be in the tobacco-house. The slave repeated the offense; he ordered him to be

whipped. Going near the place of punishment soon after its infliction, curiosity led him to listen to a voice engaged in prayer; and he heard the poor black implore the Almighty to forgive the injustice of his master, to touch his heart with a sense of his sin, and to make him a good Christian. Struck with remorse, he made an immediate change in his life, which had been careless and dissipated, burnt his profane books and cards, liberated all his slaves, and thenceforward studied to render his wealth and talents useful to others.

ROBERT BRUCE PREPARING FOR THE PULPIT.—"*Lo, I am with you always, even unto the end of the world.*" *Matt. xxviii, 20.*

Mr. Robert Bruce, an eminent minister in Scotland, having to preach on a solemn occasion, was late in coming to the congregation. Some of the people beginning to be weary, and others wondering at his stay, the bells having been rung long, and the time far spent, the beadle was desired to go and inquire the reason; who coming to his house, and finding his chamber door shut, and hearing a sound, drew near, and listening, overheard Mr. Bruce often, and with much seriousness, say, "I protest I will not go, except thou go with me." Whereupon the man, supposing that some person was in company with him, withdrew without knocking at the door. On being asked, at his return, the cause of Mr. Bruce's delay, he answered he could not tell; but supposed that some person was with him, who was unwilling to come to Church, and he was engaged in pressing him to come, peremptorily declaring he would not go without him. Mr. Bruce soon after came, accompanied with no man, but he came in the fullness of the blessing of the Gospel of Christ; and his speech and his preaching were with such evidence and demonstration of the Spirit, that it was easy for the hearers to perceive he had been in the mount with God, and that he enjoyed the presence of his Divine Master.

DIVINE PROTECTION.—"*The Lord said unto Joshua, Be not afraid because of them; for to-morrow, about this time, I will deliver them up all slain before Israel.*" *Josh. zi, 6.*

During the awful moments of preparation for the battle of Camperdown, Admiral Duncan called all his officers upon deck, and in their presence prostrated himself in prayer before the God of Hosts, committing himself and them, with the cause they maintained, to his sovereign protection, his family to his care, his soul and body to the disposal of his providence. Rising then from his knees, he gave command to make an attack, and achieved one of the most splendid victories in the annals of England.

THE LORD THE HELPER OF HIS PEOPLE.—"*The eye of their God was upon the elders of the Jews, that they could not cause them to cease.*" *Ezra v, 5.*

During the revolution in France, the Ban de la Roche—a mountainous canton in the north-east of that kingdom—alone seemed to be an asylum of peace in the midst of war and carnage. Though every kind of worship was interdicted throughout France, and almost all the clergy of Alsace, men of learning, talents, and property, were imprisoned—John Frederic Oberlin, pastor of Waldbach, was allowed to continue his work of benevolence and instruction unmolested. His house

became the retreat of many individuals of different religious persuasions, and of distinguished rank, who fled thither, under the influence of terror, from Strasbourg and its environs, and who always received the most open-hearted and cordial reception, though it endangered his own situation. "I once," says a gentleman, who was then residing at Waldbach, "saw a chief actor of the Revolution in Oberlin's house, and in that atmosphere he seemed to have lost his sanguinary disposition, and to have exchanged the fierceness of the tiger for the gentleness of the lamb."

RELIGIOUS DECLENSION.—One of the first indications which we may discover of our religious decay, most commonly, is a disinclination to free communion with our fellows. We ought never to think of shutting up Divine truth within us. Like a smothered fire, it will die. It must be open. It can not live concealed. We must do good and communicate. In thus doing, we may bless others equally with ourselves.

May the Lord of grace give us all those precious Christian friends and associates whose lives, whose conversation, and whose counsels shall ever fan the altars of our hearts to a flame consuming every sin, and bearing up to heaven every sacrifice! I thank thee, Lord, for those thou hast given me. Rest thy blessing on them now.

A SCRIPTURAL SUM.—The text for the following Scriptural sum may be found 2 Peter i, 5-7. If our young readers would get the answer, they must work out the problem. It is as follows:

Add to your faith, virtue;  
And to your virtue, knowledge;  
And to your knowledge, temperance;  
And to temperance, patience;  
And to patience, godliness;  
And to godliness, brotherly-kindness;  
And to brotherly-kindness, charity.

The Answer.—For if these things be in you and abound, they make you that ye shall be neither barren nor unfruitful in the knowledge of the Lord Jesus Christ.

THE STONY HEART TAKEN AWAY.—"*And I will take away the stony heart out of your flesh, and will give you a heart of flesh.*" *Ezekiel xxxvi, 26.*

The following exquisite lines were composed by the Rev. Horatius Bonar. It aptly exhibits the longing of the soul after the Divine likeness:

I said, my God, at length, this stony heart remove,  
Deny all other strength, but give me strength to love.  
Come nearer, nearer still, let not thy light depart;  
Bend, break this stubborn will, dissolve this iron heart.

Less wayward let me be, more pliable and mild;  
In glad simplicity more like a trustful child.  
Less, less of self each day, and more, my God, of thee;  
O, keep me in the way, however rough it be.

Less of the flesh each day, less of the world and sin;  
More of thy love, I pray, more of thyself within.  
Riper and riper now, each hour let me become,  
Less fit for scenes below, more fit for such a home.

More molded to thy will, Lord, let thy servant be,  
Higher and higher still, liker and liker thee.  
Have naught that is unmeet; of all that is mine own,  
Strip me; and so complete my training for the throne.

## Notes and Queries.

**CREOLE AND MULATTO.**—Creole is a French form of the Spanish *criolla*, which, in the dictionary of Nuñez, is defined, "The son of European parents, born in America;" while in the old dictionary of Stevens—1726—it is translated, "son of a Spaniard and a West India woman." The word is often, in England, understood to imply a mulatto; but it strictly means a native of a West India colony, whether white, black, or of the colored population. Webster, however, defines it as "a native of Spanish America or the West Indies, descended from European parents;" and mulatto, as "the offspring of a negress by a white man, or of a white woman by a negro."

**SOLDIER AND VOLUNTEER.**—The title of soldier is derived from *solidus*, a shilling. The Roman legions were paid. Hence the volunteer, whose gallantry was gratuitous, was said to be "no soldier."

**THE RUBRIC.**—By this word is implied a rule or direction. It is derived from the Latin word *rubrica*, which signifies red earth, red ocher, etc.; and it is employed to designate the rules which are laid down in the Book of Common Prayer to direct the minister and people in the performance of Divine worship. These rules were formerly printed in red letters, to distinguish them from the prayers and other parts of the liturgy, which were printed in black letters.

**CANARD.**—M. Queletel attributes the first application of this term to Norbet Cornelissen, who, to give a sly hit at the ridiculous pieces of intelligence in the public journals, stated that an interesting experiment had just been made calculated to prove the extraordinary voracity of ducks. Twenty were placed together; and one of them having been killed and cut up into the smallest possible pieces, feathers and all were thrown to the other nineteen and most gluttonously gobbled up. Another was then taken from the nineteen, and, being chopped small like its predecessor, was served up to the eighteen, and at once devoured like the other; and so on to the last, who thus was placed in the position of having eaten his nineteen companions. This story, most pleasantly narrated, ran the round of all the journals of Europe. It then became almost forgotten for about a score of years, when it came back from America with amplifications, but the word remained in its novel signification.

**FLIRT.**—No one of our English dictionaries suggests a derivation for this word which seems to me acceptable. Johnson attempts none, merely repeating the dictum of Skinner that it is *vox a sono ficta*. Richardson suggests that it may be from *flee*, "to flee, avoid, or escape from;" *flee*, *fleece*, *flirt*; but this is unsatisfactory, at least as regards the modern acceptation of the term, in the sense of coquetting, and its accompaniment of pretty speeches. The French have an idiom which expresses the same idea, and seems to me to be the probable origin of our own term. A gentleman in paying

his court to a lady is said "*conter fleurette*," and of a lady receiving his attention it is said "*elle aime la fleurette*." Bescherelle, besides its ordinary signification of a "little flower," explains *fleurette* to mean, "*jolie chose, que dit à une femme aimable l'homme que veut lui plaire*;" and in illustration of this sense he quotes Dufresnoy—

"Quant un galant bien fait, de bonne mine,  
Me conte fleurette, croit on  
Que j'en sois chagrine!"

Bescherelle alludes to the fact that both the Romans and Greeks employed a similar figure of speech to express the same agreeable idea as "*rosas loqui*."

**ANEMOMETER.**—The incidental etymology of this compound word occurs 2 Esdras iv, 5: "Then said he unto me, go thy way, weigh me the weight of the fire, or measure me the blast of the wind, etc. Then answered I, and said, what man is able to do that?" etc. The above passage may have suggested to the scientific mind of Croune, or his more fortunate successor Wolfius, to the former of whom the original invention of the anemometer has been attributed, the discovery of some instrument which, by the ingenious disposition of certain mechanical appliances, might enable us to measure the force of the wind. F. P.

**THE "GOLDEN ANTS" OF HERODOTUS.**—In the Athenæum of May 19, 1860, is this statement from Froebel's Travels in Central America: "That certain species of ants in New Mexico construct their nests exclusively of small stones, of the same material, chosen by the insects from the various components of the sand of the steppes and deserts. In one part of the Colorado Desert their heaps were formed of small fragments of crystallized feldspar; and in another, imperfect crystals of red transparent garnets were the materials of which the ant-hills were built, and any quantity of them might there be obtained." This corroborates an observation in Vol. II of Humboldt's Cosmos—I made no note of the page—"It struck me to see that in the basaltic districts of the Mexican highlands, the ants bring together heaps of shining grains of hyalite, which I was able to collect out of their hillocks." Does not this elucidate the gold-collecting ants of Herodotus, and rescue a fact from the domain of fiction? F. C. B.

**"FIRST CATCH YOUR HARE."**—Mrs. Glasse's Cookery is known to the present generation principally through this oft-repeated quotation. Did Mrs. Glasse ever write such a sentence? In her directions for cooking a hare, she uses the word "cast," which is defined in some old dictionaries as to disembowel and skin. I have seen no edition containing the quotation as it is usually given. Till the quotation is found in its integrity, would it not be a graceful act on the part of facetious writers to let Mrs. Glasse rest in peace? G. D. Y.

**TAWDRY.**—It was formerly the custom in England for women to wear a necklace of fine silk, called Taudry

lace, from St. Audrey. She, in her youth, had been used to wear carcanets of jewels; and, being afterward tormented with violent pains in her neck, was wont to say that God in his mercy had thus punished her, and the fiery heat and redness of the swelling which she endured was to atone for her former pride and vanity. Probably she wore this lace to conceal the scrofulous appearance; and from this, when it was afterward worn as an ornament, which was common and not costly, the word tawdry may have been taken to designate any kind of coarse and vulgar finery.

It would not be readily supposed that Audrey is the same name as Ethelreda. W. H. W.

**ELECAMFANE.**—About seventy years ago this herb was much in repute chiefly as a stomachic, particularly by those residing in the shipping towns of the east of Scotland. It was in the form of a tincture or infusion in gin, and was prepared in Holland and brought by the sailors of that nation frequenting the Scotch ports. A number of years since, while in Rotterdam with a gentleman of Scotland who had felt benefit from it in his young life, he was extremely anxious to procure some of it. We set out upon the search among dealers in liquors, and found that a few had only heard of it, and that to others it was entirely unknown. At last, as good luck would have it, a supply was obtained. I tasted part of it, but so unpleasant was it to me that it was a cordial to allow my friend to hug his treasure.

**A ROYAL OMEN OF A ROYAL DEATH.**—The English Notes and Queries has the following item under its head of "Curious Coincidences:"

On Wednesday night, or rather Thursday morning, at 3 o'clock, the inhabitants of the metropolis were roused by repeated strokes of the new great bell at Westminster, and many supposed it was a death in the royal family. There might have been twenty slow strokes when it ceased. It proved, however, to be due to some derangement of the clock, for at 4 and 5 o'clock ten or twelve strokes were struck instead of the proper number. On mentioning this in the morning to a friend, who is deep in London antiquities, he observed that there is an opinion in the city that any thing the matter with St. Paul's great bell is an omen of ill to the royal family; and he added: "I hope the opinion will not extend to the Westminster bell." This was at 11 o'clock on Friday morning. I see this morning that it was not till 1, A. M., the lamented Duchess of Kent was considered in the least danger, and, as you are aware, she expired in less than twenty-four hours. I do not pause to comment on this curious coincidence, but to ask whether any one can give me any further particulars as to this opinion.

**A PARALLEL WITH A MORAL.**—The following curious narrative from Herodotus is very applicable to the present state of things in reference to the claim set up for fugitive slaves:

"Pactyas having heard that the army which had marched against him was close at hand, in consternation fled for refuge to Cuma.

"Magnus therefore dispatched messengers to Cuma, commanding them to deliver up Pactyas; but the Cumæans, after deliberation, decided on making reference to the god in Branchida; for there was an oracle there, established of old time, which all the Ionians and Æolians were in the habit of consulting. (Now this place is in Milesia, northward of the haven Panormus.)

"The Cumæans there having sent deputies to Branchida, asked what they should do about Pactyas, so as to please the gods. To this question of theirs the response of the oracle was 'to give up Pactyas to the Persians.' When the Cumæans heard this repeated, they eagerly set themselves to deliver him up; but though the multitude was eagerly set upon this, Aristodicus, the son of Heraclides, discrediting the oracle, or thinking that the deputies were not telling the truth, prevented the Cumæans from doing this thing till at least other deputies should go to put the question about Pactyas a second time, and Aristodicus was one of them. On their arrival at Branchida, Aristodicus, in the name of all, consulted the god, submitting the question in these terms: 'O king, there came to us a suppliant, Pactyas the Lydian, flying from a violent death at the hands of the Persians; and they demanded him from us—for torture—requiring us to deliver him up; and we, though affrighted by the power of the Persians, have not hitherto dared to give him up till it be expressly declared to us by thee what we should do.' On these words he submitted the question, and the god again gave the same answer, commanding them to give up Pactyas to the Persians. Thereupon Aristodicus, of forethought, acted in this manner. Walking round about the temple, he drove out the sparrows and all the other kinds of birds which had built their nests in the temple, and while he was doing this it is said that a voice issued from the innermost shrine, addressing Aristodicus, and in these words: 'Most impious of men, how darest thou to do these things? Tearst thou my suppliants out of the temple?' And Aristodicus, without being at a loss for a moment, thereupon said, 'O King, dost thou fly to the rescue of thy suppliant and at the same time command the Cumæans to give up this suppliant?' And at that he—the god—again replied in these words: 'Yes, I do command it, in order that, having done the impious deed, ye might the sooner be destroyed, so as never more to come to the oracle about the giving up of suppliants.'"—Herodotus, Lib. 1, Cap. 157.

**COURTSHIP OF WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR.**—The following extract from the life of the wife of the Conqueror is exceedingly curious, as characteristic of the manners of a semi-civilized age and nation: "After some years' delay, William appears to have become desperate, and, if we may trust to the evidence of the chronicle of Ingerbe, in the year 1047, waylaid Matilda in the streets of Bruges, as she was returning from mass, seized her, rolled her in the dirt, spoiled her rich array, and not content with these outrages, struck her repeatedly, and rode off at full speed!" This Teutonic method of courtship, according to our author, brought the affair to a crisis; for Matilda, either convinced of the strength of William's passion by the violence of his behavior, or afraid of encountering a second beating, consented to become his wife. How he ever presumed to enter her presence again, after such a series of enormities, the chronicler sayeth not, and we are at a loss to imagine.

**KEROSENE.**—This word is of Greek origin, from κηρός—wax—with the termination indicating material equivalent to our *en*, e. g., *waxen*. Thus we have "kerosene candles;" that is, candles of waxen material—not wax candles, but of material like wax. TARENTUM.

**QUERY.**—How is the Greek name *Ἰακώβης*; and Latin Iacobus—our Jacob—transformed into the English name James, these severally being the names uniformly given in the New Testament in the respective languages named to one individual, the apostle of our Lord, one of the sons of Zebedee? In short, how is Jacob changed to James? and if Jacob is once thus changed, why is not this change always made—if in the case of the apostle, why not in that of the patriarch Isaac's son?

TARENTUM.



## Boys and Girls' Department.

**MORE BLESSED TO GIVE.**—"More blessed to give than to receive."

It was the low, half-questioning voice of a child, whose thoughts went out into audible expression. "More blessed to give?" she repeated. "More blessed?"

And then she was silent again. She had been reading, and this divine truth falling into the rich, tender soil of her young mind had already begun to germinate.

"Mother"—the child was now standing by her mother, and looking into her face—"is it more blessed to give than to receive?"

"Yes, dear, far more blessed."

"What does it mean by being more blessed?" inquired the child.

"It means that giving will make us happier than receiving."

"Then you and father will be happier to-morrow than the rest of us, for you will make all the presents."

"Do n't you intend making any presents, my love?" asked the mother.

"I never thought of that," answered the child. And then her countenance took on a more serious aspect.

"It is hardly fair that we should be happiest of all," said the mother.

"You are best of all, and should be happiest of all," replied little Ernestine, quickly.

The mother could not help kissing her child. She said as she did so, "We are happy in our children, and whatever increases their happiness increases ours."

Ernestine looked down to the floor and mused for some moments. The good seed was quickening into life.

"I have nothing to give." She looked up as she spoke, and there was a touch of regret in her voice.

"Think." It was all the mother said.

The child thought for some time.

"There is half a dollar in my savings-bank. But you know I'm going to buy a little sofa for my baby-house."

The door of the sitting-room opened, and a child came in with some coarse aprons and napkins, which her mother had been making for the mother of Ernestine. Her clothes were poor, and not warm enough for the season, and she had on her head the wreck of an old bonnet that let in the wind at a dozen places. A few words passed between her and the lady, and then she went with quiet steps from the room. The eyes of Ernestine were fixed upon this child intently while she remained; they followed her from the room, and rested upon the door for some time after she had withdrawn. Her mother, who had become interested in the work brought home by the little girl, said nothing more to Ernestine at the time, and so her thoughts were free to run their own way.

The evening which closed in that day was the evening before Christmas.

"Where is Ernestine?"

It was the child's father who made the inquiry. He had returned home from his office a little earlier than usual, and before the twilight had given place to darkness.

"She was here a few minutes ago," replied the mother, and she lifted her voice and called, "Ernestine!"

But there was no answer.

"Ernestine! Ernestine!"

Still no reply came.

"I wonder where she can be?"

While the question was yet on her lips the street door opened, and the child came in with hushed, gliding footsteps. She had a small package in her hands, which, on seeing her father and mother, she made an effort to conceal.

"Ah, here is our pet!" said the father. "Why, darling, where have you been?"

There came a warm flush into the little one's face, and something of confusion showed itself in her manner.

"I know all about it," spoke up the mother, gayly.

"No you do n't." And Ernestine's face took on a serious aspect.

"Yes. It's the sofa for the baby-house."

"No." The flush came back to the child's fair brow.

Almost a minute of silence passed. It was a picture for a painter, that group. The child stood, half-timid, half-irresolutely, with her eyes upon the floor and her hands behind her, endeavoring to conceal the package she held; her parents looking at her in loving wonder. Slowly, at length, a hand came forward.

"What is it, darling?" The mother's voice had in it a slight flutter, for something of the truth was dawning in her mind.

"It is n't the sofa," said Ernestine.

Her mother took the package and opened it. It contained a netted hood, coarse, but warm.

"Who is this for?"

"I bought it for Mary Allen."

"Her Christmas gift?"

"Yes."

"It was very kind and very thoughtful in you, dear," said the mother, speaking calmly, though with an effort. And she stooped down and kissed the lips of her child. "God bless you!" was spoken in her heart, though the benediction came not forth into words.

"Who is Mary Allen?" asked the father.

"The child of a poor woman who has done some plain sewing for me. She needs a warm hood, and Ernestine's Christmas gift will be a timely one, I am sure."

What a loving look was cast by the father upon his child! How his heart stirred within him!

"I wonder if Mary Allen does n't need a pair of warm stockings and stout shoes as well?" he said, looking down into the face of Ernestine.

"O yes, father, I know she does!" The child spoke eagerly, and with a hopeful expression in her eyes.

"You shall add them to your gift to-morrow," said the father.

"I shall be so happy!" And Ernestine clapped her little hands together in the fervor of her delight.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive." The mother's voice, full of meaning for the ears of Ernestine, trembled as she uttered these words, which were now radiant with light. But the child felt their meaning still deeper as she stood at her window on the next day, which was Christmas—a day of icy coldness—and saw Mary Allen go past, wearing a comfortable hood in place of the old, thin bonnet, and having warm stockings and new shoes upon her feet. Ernestine received many beautiful gifts on that day, and she was very happy; but her joy in giving was deeper, purer, and more abiding than her joy in receiving.

**STORY OF A STRAYED CHILD.**—Late last Autumn a farmer living near the Adirondacks, in New York State, went out to cut timber on the mountains in a remote and solitary locality. He took his son along with him, a little boy of about four years of age. After having been employed for a short time he missed the child, who had been amusing himself in chasing a kid which he found on the hill, and he became alarmed lest he should have fallen into one of the many ravines or stumbled over some of the rocks or precipices with which the place abounds. No trace of the boy, however, could be found. In vain did he call upon his name, for no answer was returned. The anxiety of the father led him from place to place with the utmost rapidity, sometimes finding the print of his son's

little feet on the leaves; but he never dreamed of crossing a deep gorge which runs, on the south side of the locality alluded to, down the steep and rocky side of the mountain to the margin of the Hudson. Over this gorge he conceived it impossible for a child to make its way. In the evening he found means to send to the settlement an account of the circumstances, and several humane persons, accompanied by the distracted mother, came to aid his search for the poor child in this wild and rocky region. One of them happened to cross over the gorge alluded to, perceived there the impression of the boy's footsteps, and these were occasionally traced all the way down to the margin of the Hudson, where they lost all trace of the unfortunate little wanderer, and were filled with the most painful apprehensions that he must have been carried off by the stream.

Going along its banks, and crossing ravines and steepes which they conceived it almost impossible the child could have passed and climbed, they again found prints of his naked feet on the soft sand of a small rivulet, and, by applying a measure which they had taken of the former impressions, they found it exactly to correspond. They were, therefore, induced still to go forward, though they had now proceeded upward of four miles from the place of their setting out, and they continued for the space of about another mile, accompanied by the anxious father and mother, without finding any further traces of the boy. Night was now coming down on the forest, and as the search had now continued eleven hours over a rugged space of five miles, they thought of retracing their steps in despair; the distracted mother tearing her hair, and starting at every white stone, and figuring to herself the specter of the torn corpse of her son at the bottom of every cliff or stream which they passed. At this time one of the party, who had been before the rest, on looking into the stream of the Hudson, found a handkerchief round a stone in the channel of the river, which he recognized to be that of the child, and had now little doubt that he would be found drowned near this place in the stream. He called the rest of the party to approach, when a little further down the bank he perceived the boy with his feet in the water, and his head resting on a stone, in a quiet sleep. "Johnny! Johnny!" cried the trembling father, "are you alive? The little pilgrim, lifting his head from his rocky pillow, exclaimed, "O, father! is it you? Why did n't you come to help me catch the little kid?" The little fellow's cap was filled with pebbles, with which he had pursued the kid from rock to rock, from hill to hill, and through the ravines for upward of five miles, barefooted, over one of the most rugged tracts in the State, and had been for twelve hours without tasting a morsel of food. The sudden joy of the mother had nearly cost her her life, but the young wanderer was found not to have suffered injury from his long peregrination.

**THE DYING CHILD.**—A beautiful child of five years lay dying. The rattle in her throat and the quick, labored breathing told too plainly that her life's work was nearly done, and that her spirit would soon leave its beautiful casket of clay and return to its Maker. The last rays of the departing sun, which had been streaming through the window, irradiating her face with beauty celestial, and appearing at times like a halo of glory encircling her brow, now commenced to withdraw, and as the last ray disappeared, she clasped her hands and raised her glorious eyes, now almost unearthly in their dazzling brightness, heavenward, and there such a vision of celestial beauty was displayed to her enraptured view that it caused smile after smile of heavenly sweetness to pass over her countenance, and then suddenly she exclaimed in a transport of joy, "I'm going to heaven! I'm going to heaven!" Father said, "Janie, you are almost home; you'll soon be with the angels." She replied with a triumphal "Yes, yes, grandpa," and then commenced clapping her hands and exclaimed in thrilling tones, "My soul tells me I'm dying to die no more!" Such an expression coming from the lips of a mere babe caused emotions indescribable to pervade the bosoms of all present. After embracing each member of the family and kissing them a tender farewell, telling us all "to meet her

to die no more," she turned to her father and said, "Papa, tell the Sabbath school I'm gone to heaven." She also left the same message for her dear, afflicted grandma. A few moments afterward she said, with a smile of angelic sweetness wreathing her lips, "Aunt Eliza, do n't you see the angels?" and then added with rapturous delight, "I do." Janie repeatedly clapped her hands, exclaiming, "I'm going to heaven! I'm going to heaven to die no more!" When she was too far gone to speak, she signified that she wished her friends to sing "Joyfully," and when they commenced, tried to clap her hands, but could not make them meet. Like *Mirabeau*, she wanted "to die to the sound of delicious music." Just at this moment her mother came in the room weeping. Janie saw her, and raised her hand, kissed it several times, and then waved it to her. Soon after our darling cast a last fond look at all, kissed her hand, waved it to those who were singing, and then, as a smile of heavenly radiance passed over her countenance, her freed spirit winged its flight to the mansions of glory, and "Phoebe Jane Munn" had "passed from death unto life"—from a world of sorrow to a world of bliss.

ANNA.

**AN INFANT CRITIC.**—An artist friend allowed Fannie to "look over" while he drew a landscape for her. After watching for a few moments the progress of the picture, she exclaimed, "O, Mr. Wells, do tell me how you make *way off so beautifully*." The artist prized that compliment, although the critic was only three and a half years old.

**THE CHILD'S PRAYER.**—A little boy kneeling at his mother's knee to say his evening prayer, asked leave to pray in his own words, and, with a childlike simplicity, said, "God bless little Willie, and do n't let the house burn up—God bless papa and mamma—God bless me, and make my boots go on easy in the morning."

**ING 'E BELL, DOGGIE.**—A bright New York baby, just beginning to talk, was very observant of all that passed around her. She saw a gentleman with a dog enter a house on the opposite side of the street. He shut the door and left the dog without, who, by various canine movements of scratching and whining, manifested painful impatience. Moved by his desperation and complaining, she thrust her small face through the bars of her nursery window and cried in a clear, earnest tone, "Ing 'e bell, doggie! Ing 'e bell!"

**MOKE TOMMIN.**—Our little Keasie, a bright-eyed little fellow of three Summers was out in the garden one day in company with two of his little sisters, Eva and Ada, looking at the smoke as it ascended from the chimneys of the surrounding houses. His sisters had left him and returned to the house, when, looking up, he saw the clouds as they were carried along by the wind. He called to his sisters to come back and "*tee de moke tommin out of de Dood Man's house*." A. W.

**DOOR IN A HARD KNOT.**—On another occasion he was alone with his pa in the parlor. His pa having business to go out he shut the door after him. The little fellow did not like to be left alone; he accordingly went to the door and tried to open it, but could not, and immediately commenced crying. His ma hearing him came to the door and asked him what was the matter. He answered her by saying that "*de door's in a hard knot*." A. W.

**LITTLE FLOYD.**—Little Floyd has gone. We trust that "God has lifted him up into heaven." The morning before he died I asked him if he "did not want to get well and play in the grass with me." He answered, "Yes, but I 'fraid I won't." I then asked him, "Floyd, if you die, where will you go?" "O, up to heaven where the Lord is. You'll come by and by, won't you, Nima?" said he. I told him "I would try to." "Well, then," said he, "I will wait for you up dare." This was in the morning; at twenty minutes before 3, P. M., he fell asleep in Jesus. His disease was diphtheria. Often as I am at work that death struggle rises up before me; but then I think of his words, "I'll wait for you," and I am comforted. Short and sweet was his life. L. O. M.

## Masculine Cleanings.

**THE HEROIC IN COMMON LIFE.**—In a recent lecture, Grace Greenwood gave the following incident, said to have occurred at the time of the burning of a steamer on one of our Western lakes. It is one among a thousand of the beautiful incidents which reveal the heroic in common life:

Among the few passengers whose courage and perseverance of mind rose superior to all the horrors of that night was a mother who succeeded in saving her two children by means of a floating settee. For hours, till help came, she cheered and comforted the shivering, frightened little creatures, sustaining herself meanwhile in the water by merely resting her chin on the frail support. This mother related that once, as they were floating near the burning wreck, a man swam toward them, looking spent and desperate. Seeing him about to grasp the settee, she cried, "O, do not take it away from my poor little children!" The man made no answer, yet the appeal struck home, for by the light of the flames she could see that his face was convulsed as with a fierce struggle between the mighty instinct of nature, and something better and manlier. It was but a moment. He threw up his arms with a groan of renunciation, flung himself over backward, and went down.

**FORBIDDING TO MARRY.**—We find the following in an exchange, and have half a mind to indorse it. Out upon the policy of receiving *inferior* men simply because they are unmarried, and will work for half pay. That is the practical result, disguise it as we may:

The Philadelphia Methodist Conference adopted a resolution "that the single men entering the work shall remain unmarried for four years from the time of their admission on trial." On this resolution the Presbyter of Cincinnati has the following remarks: "The object of this resolution is to secure men for four years on single salaries, or salaries of single men. There is economy in the arrangement, and yet it is a doubtful policy. Does it differ in principle from clerical celibacy? Do the preachers, voting for such a rule, mean that they have found their wives a burden and a damage? If the Conference was composed merely of married men appearances would imply that they did not want too much competition in the matter of the larger livings."

**HOW A SOLDIER KEEPS HIS WORD OF HONOR.**—It is refreshing in this day when Twiggs, and Beauregard, and Hamilton among warriors, and Wigfall and Breckinridge among senators, sworn to allegiance, are recreant to their oaths, to read the narrative of the old soldier, Peter Hart, who was in Fort Sumter during the siege. The story carries its own moral, and needs no words of comment:

Hart was an old soldier under Anderson at Mexico. When Mrs. Anderson visited Fort Sumter, Hart accompanied her, by permission of the Confederate authorities, on giving his parole not to fight should he conclude to remain in the garrison. When the bombardment commenced the soldier mounted the parapet wall, and shouted to the men.

"Now, fire away, boys; I can't fight without breaking a soldier's word, but I'll tell you where your shots strike, and where to look for danger."

Thus conspicuously a mark during the whole two days' bombardment, Hart left the parapet only once, and that was to climb the flagstaff to nail the colors to the peak, after the halliards had been shot away.

**PATRIOTISM OF A WIDOWED MOTHER.**—If man has fought hard battles for his country, woman has ever exhibited a patriotism not less unselfish and devoted. The following from the Boston Herald is worthy of the mothers of the Revolution:

In one of the companies attached to the regiment of Col. Jones was a newly-enlisted recruit, the eldest son of a widow in one of the country towns, and who to-day followed her son to the city to take a last look of him till he returns from the war. She did not come to urge him to return to his peaceful home and pursuits, but rather to cheer him with a mother's blessing. Fearing that her son might want for money during his absence, the noble woman raised a sum of money by the sale of a cow that she owned, and, being admitted inside of the lines just before the troops left the State House, she pressed the money upon her boy. It is almost needless to say that her offer was declined, as the Massachusetts troops will come to no want.

**A PIECE OF IMPUDENCE.**—We can readily appreciate the following anecdote of our old Professor, told by the American Agriculturist:

Professor Johnston, of Middletown University, was one day lecturing before the students on Mineralogy. He had before him quite a number of specimens of various sorts to illustrate the subject. A roguish student, for sport, slyly slipped a piece of brick among the stones. The Professor was taking up the stones one after the other and naming them. "This," said he, "is a piece of granite; this is a piece of feldspar," etc.; presently he came to the brickbat. Without betraying any surprise, or even changing his tone of voice, "This," said he, holding it up, "is a piece of impudence!" There was a shout of laughter, and the student concluded he had made little by that trick.

**WOMAN'S INSTINCT VS. MAN'S REASON.**—There is so much of sound philosophy in the following paragraph, and, withal, such a thorough appreciation of the *instinctive insight*—call it by whatever name you please—of woman, and of her moral heroism, that we can not forbear to give it a place:

Women should be more trusted and confided in as wives, mothers, and sisters. They have a quick perception of right and wrong, and, without always knowing why, read the present and future, read characters and acts, designs and probabilities, where man sees no letter or sign. What else do we mean by the adage, "mother wit," save that woman has a quicker perception and readier invention than man? How often, when man abandons the helm in despair, woman seizes it, and carries the home-ship through the storm! Man often flies from home and family to avoid impending poverty or ruin. Woman seldom, if ever, forsook home thus. Woman never evaded mere temporal calamity by suicide or desertion. The proud banker, rather than live to see his poverty gazetted, may blow out his brains, and leave wife and children to want, protectorless. Loving woman would have counseled him to accept poverty, and live to cherish his family, and retrieve his fortune. Woman should be counseled and confided in. It is the beauty and glory of her nature that it instinctively grasps at and clings to the truth and right. Reason, man's greatest faculty, takes time to hesitate before it decides; but woman's instinct never hesitates in its decision, and is scarcely ever wrong where it has even chances with reason. Woman feels where man thinks, acts where he deliberates, hopes where he despairs, and triumphs where he falls.

**EXILE OF JOHN IN PATMOS.**—The exilement that condemned "the beloved disciple" to Patmos, gave to the Church one of the most wonderful revelations of heaven to earth.

Never was an exile so cheered in his banishment. Domitian sent John to work in the mines of the earth; but God called him to explore the deeper and richer mines of futurity and heaven. He does not seem to have had any human society in Patmos; but he was not alone. That ocean rock of the Cyclades, like Carmel in the days of old, was covered with horses and chariots of fire. Thus the imperial edict, though unintentionally, sent him "to an innumerable company of angels, to the general assembly of the Church in heaven, and to Jesus, the mediator of the new covenant," to hear and see how the blood of sprinkling was honored at the eternal throne by God, and all the godlike universe of being; for, from the "tops of the rocks" of Patmos, he beheld this beautiful vision of immortality, as well as the prophetic visions of futurity. Thus this lone island in the Egean Sea was to him "a gate of heaven," wider than Bethel to Jacob, or Horeb to the elders of Israel, or Tabor to Peter, or the Sanhedrim to Stephen. Who would not submit to exile, even on a solitary island, for the sake of such revelations? John could well afford to let all the curtain, thus drawn off from the invisible world, drop its folds upon the scene and society of the world.

**GRAVES, THE MURDERER OF CILLEY.**—The hidden resources and powers of conscience are often terribly displayed even in this life. A correspondent of the Portland Argus, writing from Wisconsin, at the residence of General Jones, who acted as second in the Cilley duel, says:

Learning I was from Maine, the General alluded to the affair, expressed admiration for Mr. Cilley, and deep regret for the unhappy termination of the issue. Graves died the victim to regrets, and the most horrible of horrors. Two years he passed in sleepless nights, with rooms lighted, and with watching friends, whom he was unwilling to have for a moment leave his presence. He consumed the hours of night in walking to and fro, in frightful starts, in moans, and groans, and tears, and in wild exclamations. At length, worn out with mental anguish, grief unmitigated, and wasting watchfulness, the unhappy man expired. Thus I had it from the lips of a clergyman, his neighbor, and thus was avenged the manes of the murdered Cilley.

**SWEET OLD AGE.**—The following beautiful picture, how rarely realized! Yet who does not realize its beauty?

God sometimes gives to a man a guiltless and holy second childhood, in which the soul becomes childlike, not childish, and the faculties, in full fruit and ripeness, are mellow without sign of decay. This is that sought-for land of Beulah, where they who have traveled manfully the Christian way abide awhile, to show the world a perfect manhood. Life with its battles and its sorrows lies far behind them; the soul has thrown off its armor, and sits in an evening undress of calm and holy leisure. Thrice blessed the family or neighborhood that numbers among it one of those not yet ascended saints!

**BRINDLE WITH NO FRONT TEETH.**—It is wonderful how ignorant of natural history many remain who enjoy the very best opportunities of cultivating an acquaintance with it. A friend of ours who had spent all his life in the country, when asked recently whether cows, in getting up, rose on their hind or fore legs first, replied, "Upon their fore legs, of course." Here is another illustrative incident:

The editor of the Adams News tells of a musician, a neighbor of his, who recently undertook to trade cows with a certain neighbor H., but, after some bantering, H. got a little "spunky," and told the musician man that his "old cow was n't worth a song, she was so old she had no front teeth

on her upper jaw, and could n't therefore eat young grass." Singing friend laughed, looked wise, and went off whistling "Dundee." But the remark of spunky H. had preyed on his mind, and he accordingly went and examined old Brindle's mouth, and, to his horror and surprise, he found she was entirely destitute of upper front teeth! Madder than an infuriated bull, he drove old Brindle two miles to the house of the man he bought her of, through a driving rain storm with the mud up to his knees, and after berating the surprised farmer for selling him such a cow, demanded his money back at once. As soon as he could get a word in edgewise, farmer told the angry man that cows never wore such teeth on the upper jaw, and to convince him took him out to the barnyard, when, after opening the mouths of a dozen or so cattle, young and old, the singing man drove old Brindle into the road and trudged home behind her, a sadder and wiser man.

**THE DEMON THIRST FOR LIQUOR.**—Mr. M'Leod, an English writer, puts the following language in the mouths of those who visit the liquor shop:

There's my money—give me drink! There's my clothing and food—give me drink! There's the clothing, food, and fire of my wife and children—give me drink! There's the education of the family and the peace of the house—give me drink! There's the rent I have robbed from my landlord, fees I have robbed from my schoolmaster, and innumerable articles I have robbed from the shopkeeper—give me drink! Pour me out drink, for yet more I will pay for it!

There's my health of body and peace of mind; there's my character as a man, my profession as a Christian; I give up all—give me drink! More yet I have to give! There's my heavenly inheritance and the eternal friendship of the redeemed; there, there is all hope of salvation! I give up my Savior! I give up my God! I resign all that is great, good, and glorious in the universe, I resign forever, that I may be drunk!

**DR. BRECKINRIDGE AND THE UNION.**—Dr. R. J. Breckinridge said not long since, in reference to the nefarious attempt to destroy the nation:

They who know the past of human affairs, and they who reflect on that eternal logic which is of the essence of things and events, know that a nation like this can not die. It is hardly possible to conceive how it can ever be murdered; but die it can not. It would be as easy to conceive that France could be blotted from the map of Europe as one of its greatest nations, and restored to the condition it occupied before its conquest by Caesar, as to conceive of the American nation being annihilated, its sublime career cut short, its boundless possessions parcelled out, and an ignominious retinue of numberless aristocracies, democracies, dukedoms, and principalities permanently filling its seat of empire and of glory.

What this eminent man demonstrated by argument, is now about to be proven over again by the inexorable logic of facts. The process will be a very costly one, but the result is as sure as the finger of the Almighty. The great American nation can neither die nor be murdered.

**YANKEE DOODLE TRIMMING THE TREE OF LIBERTY.**—A physician in Columbus, Ga., a friend of the Union, has written the following poem:

Yankee Doodle took a saw,  
With patriot devotion,  
To trim the tree of Liberty  
According to his "notion."

Yankee Doodle on a limb,  
Like another noodle,  
Cut between the tree and him,  
And down came Yankee Doodle.

Yankee Doodle broke his neck,  
Every bone about him,  
And then the tree of Liberty  
Did very well without him!



## Literary, Scientific, and Statistical Items.

**SOUTHERN METHODIST MISSIONARY AND PUBLISHING INTERESTS.**—The annual meeting of the Bishops, Missionary Board, and Book Committee of the Southern Methodist Church took place at Nashville on the 15th of April. The missionary treasury, we should judge, must be in a bad way, from the statement that "there is a deficiency in the missionary treasury of near \$70,000 to meet the drafts already drawn." The same authority informs us that "the publishing interests are not in a prosperous condition." It is also stated that "the Publishing House has as yet received comparatively small amounts from the endowment fund." We are not at all surprised at these statements. The prodigal son is rapidly wasting his ill-gotten substance.

**PHILADELPHIA CONFERENCE.**—At the last session of the Philadelphia Conference the committee appointed to collect statistics on the state of the Church reported the following: White members, 48,700; probationers, 6,922; deaths, 629; local preachers, 343; adults baptized, 1,269; children, 4,887; churches, 568; value of, \$1,725,890; increase, \$56,780; parsonages, 68; probable value, \$159,380; Conference claims, \$54.18; missions, \$24,268; tract collections, \$3,595; Bible, \$3,298; Sunday schools, 602; scholars, 5,554,432.

**THE ADAM CLARKE MEMORIAL.**—The London Watchman of March 6th states that this work is nearly completed. An obelisk has been erected of splendid granite at an expense of \$515; a school church at Portruck, Ireland, erected by Dr. Clarke, has been remodeled and beautified at an expense of \$500; a school church has been built at Port Stewart, the native place of Dr. Clarke, at an expense of \$1,200; and a statue of Portland stone has been ordered for \$200, from money contributed by Methodists in the United States. The whole expense will be over \$12,000.

**SPURGEON'S METROPOLITAN TABERNACLE.**—The Rev. C. H. Spurgeon has just completed a tour in Scotland, having visited Edinburgh, Glasgow, Aberdeen, and some other Scotch towns, where he obtained large contributions to complete the sum still required to make up the £30,000 expended upon his *Metropolitan Tabernacle*, which is to be soon opened for divine worship.

**DONATION TO WILLIAMS COLLEGE.**—A noble-hearted and wealthy citizen of Boston has recently made a donation of \$25,000 to Williams College.

**LIBERAL BEQUESTS.**—The will of the late Allen Ayrault, of Geneseo, bequeathed \$20,000 to Hobart College, Geneva; to the American Bible Society, \$10,000; to the foreign and domestic missions of the Episcopal Church, \$5,000; and one-third of the residue of the estate to be divided into five parts, two of which are to go to the American Bible Society, two to Hobart College for scholarships, and one to some missionary or charitable society connected with the Episcopal Church. The estate will probably exceed \$250,000 in value. Mr. Ayrault's previous donations for educational and relig-

ious purposes have been large, amounting to \$15,000 during the past year.

**OLD ENGLISH COIN.**—A gold coin has been found at Harfleur bearing the effigy of Henry V, of England and France, and the arms of both countries. It is supposed it was lost there at the siege of Harfleur in 1415, which he conducted in person.

**A ROYAL SEPULCHER.**—In excavating for the temporary grave of the Duchess of Kent, a hole was accidentally made into the vault which contained the remains of Henry VIII, Lady Jane Seymour, and Charles I. The coffins and crimson coverings were in a good state of preservation.

**EXPLORATION OF THE NILE.**—Baron Hochbein, of Prussia, has gone up the Nile to explore its sources, with six scientific personages and thirty attendants. He also proposes to visit the Soudan, where no European travelers have been.

**ARABIANS IN FRANCE.**—A considerable number of rich Arab chiefs have arrived at Marseilles on their way to Mecca. They are provided with French passports, of which they are very proud, and which will be a protection to them in the inhospitable regions through which they are to pass.

**A VETERAN SCHOOL AUTHOR.**—The author of Adams's Arithmetic, Mr. Daniel Adams, of Keene, New Hampshire, although in his eighty-ninth year, is about to publish a revised edition of his work.

**NEW WORK BY FREDRIKA BREMER.**—Miss Fredrika Bremer has written a new work. It is entitled "Life in the Old World; being Sketches from My Diary during Four Years' Journeyings in the South and East."

**ETYMOLOGY OF PERSONAL NAMES.**—Mr. R. Charnock, an English author, is engaged in the completion of a unique work on "The Etymology of 100,000 Ancient and Modern British and Foreign Personal Names."

**A NEW PAPER IN TURKEY.**—A Turkish Journal, edited by Turks, and entitled The Translator of Events, has just made its appearance at Constantinople. The editors are said to be men of progress, and imbued with European ideas.

**A NOVEL FINGER-RING.**—The Scientific American states that a romantic French chemist burned the body of his friend, extracted from it the iron contained in the blood, and had it made into a finger-ring, which he wore in memory of his friend.

**WHERE AND HOW THE PEANUT GROWS.**—The peanut is cultivated in Georgia, Alabama, North Carolina, etc. It is planted in ridges about three feet apart, and the vine stands about a foot in perpendicular height. The stem shoots out in all directions from it for about fifteen inches around. These runners have joints about an inch and a half apart, and at each joint a strong

root strikes down into the ground about two inches deep; at the end of this root the peapod is formed and comes to maturity. Some farmers cover these lateral vines with earth, while others leave them bare all the time. It is not agreed which is the better mode. When ripe, one bunch of vines will have one to two quarts of peas. One acre will produce from thirty to fifty bushels of peas.

**GREENWOOD CEMETERY.**—From the annual report of Greenwood Cemetery, New York, for 1860, it appears that from its commencement to the present time 12,715 lots have been sold. The total number of interments, 81,325, of which 8,033 were in the year 1860.

**STEAMSHIP BOILERS.**—The salt formed in the boilers of a large ocean steamer would, if not prevented by blowing off or surface condensation amount to twenty tons per day.

**VELVET WEAVERS.**—Little do the ladies who wear silk velvets know the wretchedness of those who weave them. It is a laborious task to watch, mend, and regulate the thousands of threads in the warp. Small are the wages paid, and many of the operatives, in despair at the difficulties of their task, end their lives by self-destruction.

**NORWAY FISHERIES.**—The herring fisheries of Norway have produced the last year 700,000 tons. These fisheries employ 22,781 men. The Norwegian codfishery is on a large scale also. It employs 24,266 men, and produces annually 18,900 tons. Thousands of tons of oil are extracted from them, and large quantities of them are dried and salted for exportation.

**ASTRONOMICAL DISCOVERIES.**—The director of the observatory at Marseilles announces the discovery of a new planetoid by one of its pupils, M. Tempel. It is the sixty-fourth in the group between Mars and Jupiter, and has received the name of Angelina. M. Tempel has added to his discovery that of the sixty-fifth planetoid. A new asteroid was also discovered on the night of the 10th of April from the observatory of Harvard College. It is the sixty-sixth small planet now known to exist between the orbits of Mars and Jupiter.

**EFFECTS OF FOREIGN TRADE.**—Since the port of Hakodadi, in Japan, has been opened to foreign trade its population has increased from 12,000 to 28,000. Two of its largest exports consist of sulphur and saltpeter.

**ENGLISH PROGRESS IN ONE CENTURY.**—In 1740 the total number of British subjects, including those of all their dependencies, did not exceed 13,000,000. In 1840 it was upward of 152,000,000, which is more than a sixth portion of the human race—considerably more than the population of the ancient Roman empire.

**THE TURKISH TROOPS IN SYRIA.**—According to a letter from Damascus, the Turkish troops are doing nothing whatever in the way of pacifying Syria, nor will they allow the French troops to act. A petition signed by all the European and native respectable merchants of the place is about to be sent to the Paris Congress, begging that the European occupation of Syria may continue till the country is in a safe state, and till a strong-handed government is established.

**EDUCATIONAL STATISTICS OF FRANCE.**—Out of 310,289 soldiers in the French army, which represents all grades in society, only 192,873 are able to read and write. Out of 2,250,000 boys, 475,000 go to no school. Out of 2,593,000, girls, 533,000 go without instruction. Out of 1,000 criminals, 786 are illiterate. In all France there are but 4,225 booksellers, and of these the rural communes rejoice in only 165. The state of popular education has begun to engage the attention of the Government. All agree in ascribing this ignorance to the priesthood.

**OLD BELLS.**—Some 300,000 tons of old bells have arrived in West Troy to be recast. They come from Mexico, and bear a very antique appearance. One purports to have been cast ninety-seven years since, and the others range in date from fifty to seventy-five years.

**MINE OF OPALS.**—A valuable mine of opals has been discovered on the Snowy Range of mountains in California. Some of these gems have arrived at New York. There are several varieties of this stone, those of the first quality having been hitherto very rare.

**FLORIDA LAND.**—Florida has just sold half a million of acres of land to some New Orleans speculators at two cents an acre.

**SANDWICH ISLANDS.**—From the census of 1860 it appears that the population of these islands is falling off. The total is 69,800 against 73,137 in 1853, showing a decrease of 3,337. The commercial statistics also exhibit a great falling off from the totals of previous years.

**THE SWORD OF A SWORD-FISH.**—The sword of a sword-fish was found sticking into the bottom of the steamer Golden Age when recently overhauled in Panama. It was thirteen inches long, and had been driven through the copper and the outer and inner plankings, and pricking even the ceiling.

**AN ALPINE AVALANCHE.**—An Alpine avalanche of immense extent fell in the Savoy recently; 14 cottages were swept away, 400 head of cattle perished, and 20 families reduced to ruin. Three persons were killed.

**A NEW MINERAL.**—A new mineral has appeared in England, called the Torbanckik coal, which is not coal, but bituminous schist, which gives 75 per cent. of tar-oil, and is expected to come into general use.

**TUPPER'S PROVERBIAL PHILOSOPHY** has reached its hundredth thousand in England. Its circulation in America has exceeded half a million copies.

**JOHNSON'S DICTIONARY.**—A new edition of Johnson's "Dictionary of the English Language" is about to be issued in London in monthly parts by the Logmans, founded on the edition of 1773—the last published in Dr. Johnson's lifetime—with numerous additions and emendations by R. G. Latham, F. R. S. It will contain such new words as have lately been introduced into the language, and such old ones as, although deserving a place, have been omitted in previous dictionaries. The historical introduction will be brought down to the present time, and many omissions in the original made good.

## Library Notes.

(1) **SPRAGUE'S ANNALS OF THE AMERICAN METHODIST PULPIT.** 8vo. 848 pp. *New York: Robert Carter & Brothers.*—This volume makes the seventh in the series of the "Annals of the American Pulpit," by Rev. W. B. Sprague, D. D. It contains commemorative notices of distinguished clergymen of the Methodist denomination in the United States from its commencement to the close of the year 1855. These notices or sketches are preceded by a historical introduction, conceived in a most catholic spirit, and written with rare facility by Dr. Sprague. The work itself gives abundant evidence that its author has ransacked the whole range of Methodist literature to obtain materials for his history. Fortunately he has rescued many a precious historical gem that was fast sinking beyond the reach of human ken in the dreary depths of oblivion. The ministers whose lives and characters are sketched here, number nearly 200. Of the sketches we observe that nineteen are furnished by Dr. Nathan Bangs, nineteen by Dr. L. Clark, fourteen by Dr. S. Luckey, ten by Bishop Morris, and also ten by Judge M'Lean, seven by Rev. David Kilbourn, and seven also by Rev. C. S. Deems, of the Church South, and a large number have contributed two or three sketches. No less than one hundred and twelve persons have contributed original sketches for the work, and, for the most part, they are written with great taste and judgment. There are, no doubt, names worthy of being enrolled in this book which do not appear. The memorials concerning them were too vague and shadowy to warrant any attempt to sketch their history or portray their character. We can bear personal testimony to the unwearied effort of Dr. Sprague to glean all such memorials, and the Methodist Church certainly owes him a debt of gratitude for his successful attempt to rescue from oblivion the memory of so many of her great and good men. The work is on sale at the Book Concerns in New York and Cincinnati, and also at all our Depositories. It ought to have a wide circulation.

(2) **HOPES AND FEARS; or, Scenes from the Life of a Spinster.** *By the Author of the "Heir of Redcliffe," etc.* Price, 50 cents.—Messrs. Appleton & Company, of New York, have issued this popular novel in one volume, octavo in size, comprising the two volumes, put up in paper covers for circulation by mail. For sale by Rickey & Carroll, Cincinnati.

(3) **MACAULAY'S HISTORY OF ENGLAND, VOL. V.** *Edited by his Sister, Lady Trevelyan.* 12mo. 293 pp. *New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Rickey & Carroll.*—Macaulay died, leaving his great work incomplete. This "Vol. V" is a fragment—incomplete—yet really necessary to bring down the history to the closing scene in the life of the great hero of the historian, William III. Much as the reader may regret that these last pages of a noble history could not have received their finishing touches from the author himself, yet he will be grateful to the kind hand which gathered these

fragments and thus made the great work of Macaulay as complete as was possible. Not unfrequently the brilliant genius of the author flashes out in these pages with most of its early fire. The incomplete fragment relating to the death of William, very appropriately closes the volume. Nothing could remind the reader in more striking or emphatic terms that death arrested the author in the midst of his work.

(4) **AFTER ICEBERGS WITH A PAINTER: A Summer Voyage to Labrador and around Newfoundland.** *By Rev. L. L. Noble.* 12mo. 336 pp. *New York: D. Appleton & Co. Cincinnati: Rickey & Carroll.*—This is an attractive volume. Its pleasant gossip and graphic descriptions of novel incidents and out-of-the-way scenes have, at least, very pleasantly beguiled several hours. It is the record of a voyage in the Summer of 1859, in company with a distinguished landscape painter, along the north-eastern coast of British America, for the purpose of studying and sketching icebergs. They proceeded to the waters near St. Johns, Newfoundland, but, finding but few bergs in that neighborhood, they sailed to Battle Harbor, near Cape St. Louis, where the facilities for sketching the sublime scenery of the northern seas were most abundant. The publishers have issued the work in a very superior style, illustrating it with a series of highly-finished tinted lithograph engravings.

(5) **SILAS MARNER, THE WEAVER OF BARDOE.** *By the Author of Adam Bede, etc.* *New York: Harper & Brothers. Cincinnati: Rickey & Carroll.*—"Adam Bede" will convoy this later work to a successful voyage.

(6) **BLACKWOOD'S MAGAZINE, for April, 1861.** *New York: Published by Leonard Scott & Co.*—This number has several excellent magazine articles. The papers on Spontaneous Combustion, Italy, Americanism, Life in Central Africa, found in its pages, are highly interesting. The other articles, The World of Weimar, Norman Sinclair, continued, General Patrick Gordon, The Russian Scot, The Punjab in 1857, will secure attention.

(7) **A ROMANCE OF DESTINY.** *By Oliver Wendell Holmes.* *Boston: Ticknor & Fields.*—Whatever excellences there may be in the epigrammatic, crotchety style of Dr. Holmes, they are unsuited to the flowery fields of fiction. His peculiarly-dogmatic tone, which seems to be verily a part of himself, is equally unsuited to this department of literature. These, however, are the least of his faults. The poison lurking concealed in all the effusions of his pen is more fearful than that lurking in the veins of Elsie Venner, whose mother was bitten by a rattlesnake just before the birth of the daughter. Whether the mother of Dr. Holmes was bitten before his birth by any reptile we will not say, but the gleam of his page indicates that the moral and mental instincts of his soul are sadly transfused by some deadly virus.

(8.) **A GUIDE TO HAYTI.** Edited by James Redpath. Boston: Haytian Bureau of Emigration. 12mo. Paper Covers. Pp. 180.—Those who desire to get information concerning the climate, productions, general history, and political government of the negro republic, will find this book of great value. It is partly translated from documents especially written for this volume, and partly compiled from official sources.

OUR space will not admit of special notice of the following discourses:

(9.) **IS GOD LOVE?** A Sermon preached at the Dedication of the New Methodist Episcopal Church at Waltham, Mass. By Rev. W. F. Warren.

(10.) **CHRIST OUR SUBSTITUTE.** A Discourse preached before the Wis. Conference. By H. Bannister, D. D.

(11.) **TRUE PHILANTHROPY; or, Man's Obligations to his Fellow-Man.** By Rev. C. B. Davidson,

(12.) **PRESENT CRISIS IN OUR NATIONAL AFFAIRS.** A Sermon preached in St. Paul's Methodist Episcopal Church, Philadelphia. By Rev. John Walker Jackson.

(13.) **MISSIONARY SERMON.** Preached before the Ohio Conference. By Rev. J. H. Creighton.

(14.) **CONFERENCE MINUTES.**—(1.) *East Baltimore Conference.* Bishop Simpson, President; John H. C. Dosh, Secretary. (2.) *Newark Conference.* Bishop Ames, President; M. E. Ellison, Secretary. (3.) *Missouri Conference.* Bp. Morris, President; Joseph Brooks, Sec.

(15.) **CATALOGUES.**—(1.) Cincinnati Law School—Professors, Bellamy Storer, LL. D., Hon. Myron H. Tilden, and M. E. Curwen. Among the graduates we observe the name of Thomas D. Crow, late of the Cincinnati Conference. (2.) Mount Allison Ladies' Academy, Sackville, N. B., Rev. John Allison, A. M., Principal, and Mrs. M. Louisa Allison, A. M., Preceptress.

## From Our Literary Correspondent.

**The Absorbing Question—Degeneracy of National Sentiment—The Tyranny of Slavery—Prostration of Free Speech—A Revolution Needed—The National Awakening.**

THE Muses are proverbially timid, as to alarms and battles, and the clashing of hostile forces. As I now sit in my usually quiet and peaceful study, while the din of war clanks on every side, thrilling all nerves and crazing all brains, I forcibly and painfully realize that fact. Like the insects that sing in the quiet of the Summer's evening, but become entirely reticent at the approach of the intruder, so the Muses hush their notes when Bellona blows her war blasts, and the thundering tread of the Mars is heard. Apollo then lays aside his lyre to grasp the spear and shield, and Minerva neglecting her cherished arts of peace, stands forth in all her martial panoply. All this I have read of in heroic song; but to-day heroes are acted, not sung, and history is done, not written. Pictures that truly delineate their originals are always pleasing, especially when they reproduce in the mind conceptions of the beautiful or the sublime. But the realization of that which pleases in pictures is often intensely painful. The raging of the ocean vexed by storms, gives very different emotions to the beholder who views it from some lofty promontory, quite out of the reach of its power, from those experienced by the mariner who is driven by its fury and threatened with present destruction. The student of history fights over again the battles of heroes long dead, much as the child in the nursery demolishes mimic cities and overthrows his puppet warriors, and scarcely more adequately realizes the true character and import of the things upon which he dilates. At such a time your "Literary Correspondent's" occupation is gone. Who cares for literature while the shrill notes of the bugle are calling the frantic multitude to arms? Who would listen to the voice of the charmer, "charming never so wisely," while a mighty nation is convulsed to her deepest foundations with fratricidal warfare, and her very existence trembling in the balance, while as yet she is full of her youthful vitality?

In the terrible suspense of such an hour silence would perhaps be more appropriate than any words that may be written. To attempt to scan the future would be folly; respecting which we only rely on the all-sufficiency of the Divine Providence, whose ways are past finding out. Nor is this the time to review the past, and to search among the affairs of other times the germinant causes of the events now occurring. This will be the duty of the future historian; and since "these things were not done in a corner," the task will not be a difficult one. Some of the immediate concomitants of the startling events

of the times, however, are so patent that I will venture to call attention to them.

It seems to be a law of our nature, especially as seen in social bodies, that the prevailing tendency to deterioration can be overcome only by occasional paroxysms and convulsions. It is said that tornadoes purify and invigorate the atmosphere, and fevers sometimes renovate the physical system, and often deeply-felt heart sorrow develops the character and manhood of the individual; and so the occasional recurrence of some great social movement seems to be necessary to the maintenance of the public mind in due activity and its progressive elevation. I have long felt that there has been a necessity for some such influence upon the public mind of this country. For three-quarters of a century no great convulsion has moved to its depths the heart of our nation. We have lived in quiet and in entire safety; our national progress has been steady and rapid beyond all precedents; we have paid some attention to learning and mental culture, and an honest but not intense zeal for religion has actuated a steadily-increasing portion of the people. We have, however, been thoroughly in earnest only in our efforts toward material progress—to acquire and possess wealth. In all those mental and moral qualities which constitute real greatness, we have been growing more and more superficial. Our fathers were less earnest men than were their fathers, and we are less earnest than they; and as to our children, I have sometimes feared that they would come to believe nothing *decidedly*; care for nothing *earnestly*; and so do nothing *effectively*.

The sharply-defined outlines of sects and parties formerly recognized have become obscured. Opinions are held less positively than formerly; people have become less clannish; love for one's own has become diffused and diluted into a world-wide, free-and-easy philanthropy, in which is swallowed up all that genuine patriotism and the peculiar care for one's own country, race, faith, and sect, which seems to be necessary to the best estate of human character. Some mighty intensifying influence is evidently needed—some labor and travail, some agony of the national soul, in order to its thorough awakening and effectual regeneration.

Novelists of the more philosophical class delight to trace the development of the individual mind, under the severe lessons of sorrow, into the full-grown maturity of virtue and knowledge. Hence all their great heroes are made to pass through the baptism of sufferings. A kind of instinctive notion seems to pervade and possess thoughtful minds that in order to real personal greatness the individual must "come



up through great tribulations." Hercules, as a condition of his own greatness, had not only to prefer Virtue to Pleasure, but under the guidance of his chosen patroness to endure great labors and sufferings; and He who was infinitely above all merely-human greatness needed the experience of a conflict with the tempter, in order to evoke the divinity within him, and so to become prepared for his wonderful mission. Hawthorne, in his last romance—the *Marble Faun*—presents a marked case in point, in the sketch of Donatello, the Faun of the Apennines, whose really-human consciousness seems never to have dawned upon him till aroused and drawn out by the terrible and all-penetrating anguish of remorse. That image may be a caricature, but like all caricatures it illustrates a marked feature of its subject—human nature. In the ordinary walks of life two great causes of soul-moving are found: the one is the love of the sexes—a subject too little considered by the thoughtful—and the other personal religious convictions and experience. Without one or the other of these, character is very seldom formed to either greatness or truth, and the united action of the two, intensified and rendered permanent, seems requisite to the best condition of character. And what is thus required for the individual, is equally needful for the great and impalpable body, which we designate society; and because society is an aggregation of individuals, receiving its character from theirs—and because these individuals are perpetually changing, some passing away to be replaced by new and untaught ones—the great social lessons that are learned only in times that try men's souls need to be ever and anon repeated.

The prevailing tendency of the public mind toward superficialities of convictions and feelings, is especially obvious and noteworthy. In religious opinion it has been generally recognized and applauded—whether wisely or not I will not attempt to determine. Religious opinion has also sympathized with this tendency, and if in some cases a more comprehensive charity has been attained, it has been gained at the expense of a profound and earnest personal faith. But the most remarkable change of the last quarter century has been in political opinions and sentiments. At the beginning of our national history the spirit of patriotism was intense and all-pervading; and though often illiberal, because uninformed, it was real and genuine. With the men of that age the Declaration of Independence was a political evangel, and such words and expressions as *liberty*, *freedom*, and *rights of man* were full of deeply-cherished significance. But it is not so now. That illustrious paper has fallen into comparative disfavor; its vital and pregnant utterances are demeaned as "glittering generalities," and its fundamental political ethics, which were the quickening spirit of the Revolutionary conflict, and afterward became the corner-stone of the temple of American liberty, are now either silently ignored or openly repudiated. The emblems of freedom are no longer held sacred; the "rights of man" is a name without a definite meaning; the American eagle is used only to inflate school-boys' declamations, and the "star-spangled banner" has almost entirely lost its power over the hearts and sympathies of the grandsons of those who shed manly tears when they first greeted it as the ensign of their new-born nationality. As a nation we are sadly in want of something to bring back to our hearts the spirit of "seventy-six." We garnish the tombs of the prophets, but reject their counsels.

This decay of patriotic ardor among the masses has been accompanied, both as cause and effect, by a prevailing greed of public plunder among the incumbents of official places. Very few nowadays retire from long courses of public services, especially in high places, to spend life's evening in honorable poverty. The immense resources of the country have rendered peculations on a large scale possible; and that possibility has been realized, till usage has made it practically the law, and nobody is disgraced by it, unless the thing is done bunglingly and on a diminutive scale. The conscience of the whole nation has become debauched as to bribery, peculations, and official malfeasance. The announcement of defalcations involving immense losses to the Government, whether national, state, or municipal, excites no surprise, and is passed over as ordinary events of the times. The whole official staff of the

country, from that of the General Government to the smallest town corporations, seems to be thoroughly corrupted; and a change of parties or persons often operates like the case described in the fable of the fox and the flies; when the entangled fox was galled by the flies, which the swallow proposed to drive away, begged that it might not be done, lest a more hungry swarm should succeed. The comparison fails, however, not because the succeeding swarm is less rapacious, but because those in possession of the prize are insatiable. The evil of this state of things has been clearly seen and sincerely deplored by many good men, both in office and in private life; but both are alike powerless to arrest the growing evil, or to remedy the disorder. The ablest and purest men of the land, occupying its chief executive offices, must be unable to resist this mighty power of corruption, and uniformly they have succumbed to it. Possibly the impoverishment likely to grow out of the pending civil commotions may make way for the needed reformatory by removing the cause of temptation.

I have been especially impressed with a sense of this evil influence upon the literature of the times, more particularly in the periodical press, and in the utterances of public bodies, and of men of large personal reputations. It has seemed to me that society in this country has been for some time steadily verging toward a crisis, in which the sternest Christian heroism will be requisite to preserve it from utter demoralization. Much has indeed been done among us to mitigate sufferings and to raise the degraded, both at home and abroad; but all such efforts have been partial and pusillanimously discriminating. The philanthropy of the times lacks soul; is a respecter of persons, and dares to venture to do good only by leave of the tyrant and the oppressor. Mere abstract evils, and vices that belong to no *guild*—poor outcast pariahs and lepers, may be denounced and stigmatized; but organic evils, whether social or moral, are generally very tenderly dealt with by our popular reformers. This timidity has become a characteristic of all the great movements of the age, and especially has it acted as a paralysis upon the popular literature of the times. Whether it is a law of society as of individuals, that only one condition of mental pathology can exist at once, during the prevalence of which all other disturbing forces are drawn into and assimilated with this, is a question for the learned in such matters to determine; certain it is, that the public mind has long been pervaded and thoroughly permeated by one great theme. Worse than Banquo's ghost which would not "down" at the word of command, or "the old man of the mountain" upon the shoulders of poor Sinbad, this has weighed like a horrible nightmare upon the public heart, at once tormenting and paralyzing it—and its influence over individual minds is generally proportioned to their elevation and responsibility of position. It is alike remarkable and lamentable, that so few of the master minds of the country have been willing to grapple with the one great problem of the age—slavery. Its presence and growth has been steadily obvious, and of its dangerous tendencies the fathers of the republic earnestly warned us; but very few of the present generation have dared to look the subject squarely in the face. Like the ferryman who, when he saw the river rising over all its banks and threatening to sweep away every movable thing, fled to his cabin and, putting out the candle, attempted to forget in sleep the danger that he dared not to confront, so our great men have seemed determined to shut their eyes to the coming danger, because they were unwilling to meet it.

Examples in point are seen in the course pursued by some of our great benevolent societies, the American Tract Society especially. Of that Society it is not too much to say that it has stood second to no other, whether in the character of its managers and patrons, the objects it proposes to accomplish, or the enlightened and earnest zeal in which, as to most things, its designs have been prosecuted. But in the performance of its chosen work it encountered the ubiquitous slave-power, which it feared to offend, lest the field of its benevolent enterprise should be circumscribed. Its utterances were, therefore, carefully guarded: nothing that could offend that terrible power must be uttered by the Society or any of its agents; the moral character of slaveholding must not be censured, nor must the duties and moral relations that grow out

of the system of slavery be discussed. The exactions of tyranny always increase in proportion as concessions are made to it; and when right and fidelity to the truth are yielded its exactions become entirely remorseless. This has been terribly demonstrated in that case. Works composed by persons whose hearts had never been contaminated by contact with slavery, and whose heads had, therefore, escaped its paralyzing power—and so they thought and wrote of slavery as of other sins against God, and crimes against humanity—have been issued by the society on account of their highly-evangelical tone and spirit, but not till they had been expurgated of whatever might offend the demon of slavery. The life and the thoughts of a sainted female are reproduced to incite in other minds like excellent virtues—only her pious griefs over the sad condition of some slave-women of Carolina—these must be blotted out. The exalted Christian teachings of a good Quaker philanthropist are also reproduced; but he uttered something unfavorable respecting the slave-trade—true, it was only incidentally and as an illustration—and that must not be repeated, and the *Inquisition* is, therefore, substituted, as the censured wrong instead of the slave-trade, in the unlucky sentence. In charity we suspect that the cheek of him who executed those acts of falsehood and meanness blushed while he did it; for not to believe so would diminish one's respect for human nature. But what could be done? Much had been yielded, and the prostituted conscience had become demoralized; virtue was already sacrificed, and it would be too much to expect in such a case that the soul's virtuous energy should be maintained. A parallel case, in a small way, occurred some years ago in certain of our Methodist matters. Every body has seen the old lithographic life-membership certificate of the Methodist Missionary Society, with vignette filled with devices emblematical of the effects of the Gospel upon the heathenism of various races. On the right-hand foreground of that picture is seen a group of negroes kneeling with uplifted hands, symbolizing Ethiopia stretching out her hands unto God. Some, who procured their certificates as soon as the first of them were issued, will see near to those sable figures the broken links of a chain, as if the designer had intended to represent the tendency of the Gospel "to preach deliverance." But only a few of the thousands of those certificates that are in existence have on them the picture of the broken chain. At that time the Methodist Episcopal Church extended over the whole nation, and the suggestions of the picture were not acceptable in some parts—and so the broken chain, emblem of the emancipating tendency of Christianity, was removed. The whole thing was a small affair, but very significant.

It is exceedingly difficult, or quite impossible, to avoid descending to both dishonor and wrong-doing, where there is not a readiness to do right even at some expense and sacrifice; and in the want of that began the gigantic evils which now convulse our nation so fearfully. First the Church in slave territory succumbed to the slave power, then our great affiliated bodies, ecclesiastical and charitable, followed; our great men, statesmen, authors, and divines who had or aspired to have national reputations felt and yielded to the same influence, till at length, in both Church and State, and especially in social life, men seemed to be ambitious to wear the gilded chains and bedizened insignia of slavery. But the terrible reaction has begun, and what shall the end be?

Many persons who have somewhat sympathized with this notion of our social decay, both as to the facts and its causes, have hoped that a remedy might be found in the normal action of the social and political system, among more propitious circumstances. Perhaps that hope was the balance of power between the contending factions in the late general election, which determined it against the incumbents of the seats of power, and committed the destinies of the nation to other and untried hands. The verdict of that trial was rather against the defeated parties than in favor of the successful. The people, as contradistinguished from placemen and partisans, had become thoroughly disgusted with the existing order and manifest tendency of things, and demanded a change, trusting that another state of things would be an improvement on the then present. Whether or not their confidence would

have been realized, had matters proceeded in the ordinary course, can not be determined, as the experiment was not made; but there is much reason to suspect that in that case a large share of those who aided in raising our present rulers to their uneasy seats would have become their most determined opponents. Placemanship seems not to be friendly to, nay, it appears almost incompatible with statesmanship; and many think that certain givings-out of expectant placemen, made during the months immediately preceding the advent of the new national administration, indicated the lack of an adequate conception of the wants of the country, and of the nerve to meet and conquer the coming crisis.

Conservatism is usually characteristic of men in places of power and responsibility. As a general rule it is well that it should be so; but there are times when it becomes a ruinous and despicable vice. The Roman Senate sought to conserve the city by weighing out the exacted gold to the conquering Gauls, by which act they would have hopelessly enslaved their nation; and from that degradation Rome was saved only by the apparently-reckless uprising of a proscribed soldier, who chose to venture somewhat in a contest rather than to yield the substance in order to retain the form of power and national life. Desperate cases require desperate treatment; and it is perhaps well that the prudent can not always control public affairs. In the days of our Revolutionary conflict a very large preponderance of the "men of substance" were opposed to extreme measures of resistance. Some of these finding they could not stem the current of revolution at length threw themselves into it, and were borne by it to honor and imperishable renown, while others, equally wise and good, and not less patriotic, as they understood patriotism, still adhered to the old order of things, and paid the forfeit in confiscations, imprisonments, and exile. I confess to a real sympathy for the hard fate of those genuine and self-consistent friends of law and order—the Tories of the Revolution—even while I am compelled to declare that they were wholly unequal to the requirements of their times. So, too, I have a respect for the wise and careful men of our own times who have advised moderation and used conciliation, and held themselves ready at all times to make all possible concessions for the preservation of peace and public order; though I am compelled to believe that to their mistaken leniency toward incipient treason are we indebted for the present widespread ruin—and from them, rather than from armed traitors, are we now in danger. Secession is less dangerous than concession at this juncture; and the open violence of armed rebellion is less to be dreaded than secret complicity with rebellion in the high places of power. But before these words shall come under the eyes of the reader, quite likely such overt acts of internecine warfare will have occurred as will make all compromises impossible. In that case the revolutionary struggle must proceed to the bitter end, and the "irrepressible conflict," which, like some giant phantom, has seemed to be long impending, must at once be fought out; to result in the extinction of chattel slavery in all the nation, or the crushing out of the American heart those instincts of liberty which are our noblest birthright, but which have become sadly dimmed by its attempted fraternization with its most implacable foe.

But why am I writing in this strain? Such themes and thoughts ill become my vocation, which is to the amenities of letters rather than to the schemes of statesmen, and the feats of warriors and embattled hosts. Those, however, are now in abeyance, and only these possess all minds. The daily or semi-daily newspaper is the sole form of literature in use—the drama, the lecture, and the pulpit have but the one theme. All music is martial, and all songs, whether religious or convivial, are patriotic. The heart of this great nation is deeply and thoroughly stirred. Its dormant patriotism is aroused, and it is awakening like a young giant to demonstrate its vitality and unconquerable energy. The shock that has aroused it has not come a day too soon. A terrible soul-struggle is before it, and it may be hoped that by the ministry of sufferings and sacrifice the pristine virtues of American patriotism will be renewed and reinstated. "Hereafter it will rejoice us that we shall have suffered these things."

## Hart's Lake.

ON THE COAST OF MOUNT DESERT.—The Island of Mount Desert on the coast of Maine, once known only as a bleak and barren rock, has, of late years, acquired the cognomen of "Paradise of Painters." A mountain range, in a line nearly parallel to the coast, crosses the Island from east to west—sending heavenward no less than thirteen peaks, each familiar with the storm-cloud and the lightning's play. From these peaks commanding views are had of the broad ocean on the south, and of numerous islands and inlets stretching far along the coast. On the north a vast range of inland scenery greets the eye—cultivated fields and waving forests, diversified with beautiful lakes and dotted with smiling villages. In some places this mountain range is cleaved in twain down to its very base. Perched upon some towering crag the adventurous explorer looks down into the almost bottomless lake that rests in solemn quietude far below, or upon the arm of the ocean, thrust in among the mountains. As he lets slip from his hand the stone, he sees it shimmering in its downward flight till the white foam, too far distant to report the sound, indicates that it has struck the surface of the lake. Or is our visitor a little more ambitious, with extemporized spade he loosens the huge rock, and with lever equally extemporaneous and rude, he pries it up till it topples over the abyss. Down, down, down, it plunges, plowing deep furrows, shattering trees, loosening other rocks—making the hills and the clouds reverberate with its thunder, and lashing the calm waters into fury as it dives down to their profoundest depths. At other points the mountain range, or at least spurs of it, approach the sea-line and jut out into the very ocean. At such places the waves of old ocean, in angry controversy, have been battling against the granite bulwark of the mountain-side through long ages in vain. It is a sublime scene, where these two symbols of the Almighty's power and eternity—"the everlasting hills" and the majestic ocean—are brought together and display their wondrous significance in conflict with each other.

One of these last scenes, taken by Mr. Hart upon the very spot, has been transferred to steel by our artist, and is herewith presented to the reader. It is true to life. See the stunted and scattered white birches that, contending for life upon the rocky ridges, make the dreary barrenness of the bald rocks and naked crests still more oppressive to the mind. See the wild sea-gull spreading his white wings and sporting amid the blasts of the gale. See the crested waves—the whole ocean seems in a ferment. It swells upward; it is above the level of our feet. It would be impossible for a boat to pass through the surf out upon the ocean. Do not be deceived by the deceitful calmness of the little strip of inland water inside of the crested wave. As the mountain wave rises, thunders its approach, and rolls up its crest for the onset, the sleeping water along the shore forgets its calmness, joins in the onset, and adds its own murmurs to the thundering war-cry. No one can conceive of the fury of the ocean nor the might of its power, unless he has stood beneath the rock-girt bank

in the midst of a storm, and witnessed the rush and the war of the waves. Such a scene witnessed once in our early manhood has left its vivid impression on our memory and imagination. Even the grandeur of Niagara has never surpassed it. Such a sight will compensate for a journey of almost any length.

The Island of Mount Desert is on the coast of Maine. It is reached by steamers from Boston and Portland. Each Summer it attracts a large and increasing number of visitors, who enjoy its bold and beautiful scenery, its pure atmosphere, its splendid facilities for sea-bathing, and the rare sport of hunting and fishing. It only needs capital and enterprise to make it a place of still greater resort.

We are indebted to William Hart, Esq., of the city of New York, for the use of this elegant sea-scene. Mr. Hart spent the Summer of 1860 on the Island, and made the drawing upon the spot. The paintings of Mr. Hart rank among the best in the country.

The engraving by Mr. Wellstood is a fine rendering of nature, and an exquisite piece of workmanship.

ARTICLES DECLINED.—Our contributors must exercise patience with us. It is utterly impossible to find place for one out of five of the articles we receive. Under these circumstances somebody must be disappointed. Still we can not ask that this stream of communications shall be stopped; for, to tell the whole truth, we rather like the idea of making up each number by selections from a large and choice assortment.

The following articles we must respectfully decline: While on Earth; The Sabbath; My Country Home; Hints to Women; What is Home without a Mother; Respectfully Declined; Teacher's Influence; Nettie Dalison; A Gift; The Minstrel's Curse; Alma Mater; The Child to her Mother; An Angel; The Bark of life—anonymous; To C—; The Angel's Call; A Day Dream; Mother 'I'll come to you, Darling; A Voice from Heaven; The Children's Call; Spring; Increase our Faith; Our Teacher; Invocation; My Mist; The Storm; To Mrs. —; To a Bird; Childhood Memories; The Token; Our Country Now and Then; Isles of the Blest; Cogitations; Despair Not.

THE IMPENDING CONFLICT.—The first gun fired upon Fort Sumter wrought a marvelous moral transformation throughout all the North. It swept away all distinctions of political party and kindled into intense fervor the slumbering patriotism of our entire population. There is but one question now before the people; it is the simple question of *government* or *no government*, and, by the action of the South, we are compelled to submit that question to the stern arbitrament of arms.

Why are we involved in this war? We have violated no Constitutional rights of the South. All these remain intact as in the beginning. Nay, we have conceded much more than the Constitution ever required of us to preserve peace with her. The Missouri Compromise to check the swelling tide of freedom, and the repeal of that Compromise to make way for slavery in Kansas,



the war with Mexico and the acquisition of Texas, the Fugitive-Slave Law, with its infamous provisions for the rendition of her escaped slaves, the predominance of the South in the judiciary and executive departments of the nation, also in the diplomatic service as well as in the army and navy—all these attest how much has been conceded by the North for the sake of the Union. Emboldened by success the South next demanded that we should strike down freedom and establish slavery in Kansas, and that too by force of arms and against the voice of the people; and still further, that slavery should be recognized as national and no longer sectional, which was to be accomplished by the departure of the judicial arm of the Government from its legitimate functions. Beyond these lay, as not remote visions of the future, Cuba acquired, Mexico helpless at our feet, and the horrible slave-trade, which was to replenish the ever-expanding cotton-fields of the South, reopened. But at this point the distinct and emphatic response of the North was uttered, "*We can go no further. All that the compact of the Constitution make yours we will guarantee; but we no longer consent that our nationality shall be wracted from its legitimate ends.*"

Still we were considerate, patient, enduring. The mighty North, conscious of its strength and vast resources, and conscious also that these were increasing every day, scrupulously avoided every cause of irritation. In violation of the most sacred provisions of the Constitution, our fellow-citizens, without cause, were maltreated, mobbed, imprisoned, and even hung and murdered in cold blood, and no official inquisition made upon the murderers by the authorities of the States where these outrages were committed. Still were we patient.

Then came acts of treason against the Government; the mints, the custom-houses, the arsenals, the forts, the navy-yards, Government vessels and Government stores were seized without even the shadow of excuse afforded by the pretense of secession. Then followed the violent dismemberment of States and the arming of them in rebellion against the Government. Public officers, whose only significance is derived from their relation to the Government, forgetting the most sacred obligations, deserted their country and banded with traitors for its destruction. Still the Government paused—apparently unwilling to recognize the stern fact of rebellion. It waited in hope that the sober second thought of the people in the South might check the headlong movement. But all in vain. The blow came. It was struck by the South. From that moment no alternative was left to the Government. Absolutely none. Our nationality must be preserved. One sentiment only pervades the entire North—"the Union, it must and shall be preserved." There can be no peace till this rebellion is crushed out.

The immense preparations of our Government indicate that it fully comprehends the magnitude of its responsibilities and the greatness of its work. Before this shall reach our readers, fearful, if not decisive blows will be struck. There may be temporary disaster; but the final result can not be doubtful.

The duty of the good and true citizen is too plain to require a moment's hesitation. Not only the general obligations of good citizenship, but now especially the obligations of a just and holy cause, demand his prac-

tical concurrence in every possible way for the support of the Government. "Neutrality"—whether armed or unarmed—is nothing more than covert treason. Dante made Satan himself a praiseworthy object when compared with those *juste milieu* angels who were "neither faithful nor rebellious." We need not make the application. The heresy of a divided allegiance between the American Government and an individual State virtually reduces the Government to a nullity. But it was cast aside as treason at the fall of Sumter. The wretched sophistries of the sovereignty of States doctrine were felt by the heart of the American people to be treason—treason against the Federal Government, the nation, the people, and common-sense. There can no longer be a divided house. He that is not for the Government—the Union, is against it; and he must be regarded and treated as such.

We close with an extract from one of our ablest religious exchanges, not only because we indorse the sentiment so strongly expressed, but that our readers may see the noble utterances of the leading organs of our sister Churches: "At the end of this great political convulsion into which the country has been plunged, rises a great nation, compacted by hardships, sobered by adversities, united by common sorrows, and disincumbered of old and wasting controversies. Hitherto, the North has been only as a vast province, ruled by a few Southern politicians upon the basis of the slave institution. Northern men without Southern principles were denied recognition in public affairs. The South! the South! What does the South wish? What will the South like? How can the South be satisfied? These have been among the first questions proposed in every political caucus at the North by those who knew the South to be dominant in the Government. Events have swept us now far beyond these questions, and far beyond the negro question, and every other question not related closely to the existence of the Union. The South has chosen to undertake to break up the Government, because it lost control of the executive department, even while retaining the legislative and judicial departments in its possession. It has appealed from the ballot to the bullet, from the poll-list to the army-list. It has sown to the wind, and must reap the whirlwind, unless the sober second thought of the Southern people come in time to save the land from the carnage with which it is now threatened.

"Unhappy, misguided South! She falls by her own choice, like Lucifer, son of the morning, from her high place, into the hell of war and all its attendant evils. When she shall have emerged from the darkness and horror which she now invokes, will she find any compensation for the fraternal blood she would spill, in her smoking cities, and deserted fields, and decimated population?

"Our prayer is that there yet may be peace. But peace can not be, unless the South wishes it, tenders it, and asks it. The tornado that is gathering and sweeping from Minnesota to Maine, from the St. Lawrence to the Potomac, is indeed terrible in its elements of destructive power; and it can not and will not be staid, unless the flag of freedom float again in security over its wonted domain."

Let us not forget that God rules; and having done our duty, as patriots and Christians, let us commit our cause to him.







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